MACAULAY ESSAY ON ADDISON

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY.

THE CITY OF BOSTON.

FORM NO. 1391.

823

№ 2557.44

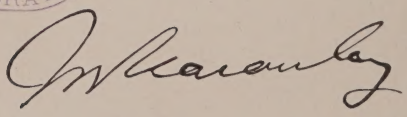
C

GIVEN BY

The Publishers.

ESSAY ON ADDISON

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



MACAULAY'S

ESSAY ON ADDISON

EDITED WITH NOTES

BY

HERBERT AUGUSTINE SMITH, PH.D.

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH IN YALE COLLEGE

BOSTON, U.S.A.

GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

The Athenæum Press

1898

4558.154

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY
HERBERT AUGUSTINE SMITH

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Gift of the Publishers
through
Boston School Committee,
April 5. 1900.

PREFACE

In the preparation of this little volume the editor has had in mind the needs of two different classes of students, intending it both for school and for college use. In consequence, the notes are not quite what they would have been had they been made for either class alone. Some of them will seem to a college Freshman or Sophomore unnecessarily elementary; while the school teacher may find the allusions to contemporary history and literature unnecessarily full, and implying a knowledge somewhat beyond that of his pupils.

Nevertheless, the editor trusts that its usefulness has in neither case been impaired. It does not take much experience with a college class to discover the possibilities of ignorance there; it is unsafe to assume a general knowledge of anything not required by the entrance examination, and no seed of information can be too elementary to drop somewhere into virgin soil. On the other hand, every school contains a considerable percentage of boys who are, in general information and wider reading, far ahead of their fellows. It does no harm to provide for the needs of these boys; and the skillful teacher will find the utilization in the class-room of their knowledge an efficient aid to the instruction of their less intelligent companions.

The vital question in preparing a work of this kind is, of course, how to make the study both instructive and stimulating. Some of our friends are telling us that we are in

danger of making English, as taught in the schools, and perhaps in the colleges, lifeless and pedantic, and so of doing more harm than good. Such an essay as the one before us is, they say, first of all literary. No sane man sits down for the purely literary enjoyment of a literary work with a formidable armament of dictionaries, encyclopædias, literary histories, and other books of reference piled in front of him, ready at the first glimpse of a proper name which conveys a vague meaning, or none at all, to hunt the intruder down and dispatch him by committing to memory the dates of his birth and death. Why, then, should we require our boys and girls to read Macaulay with one finger in the notes? Such a method, we are told, is destructive of all literary enjoyment and literary taste, and fails equally of securing an intelligent comprehension of the substance of what is read, since the attention is distracted by the pursuit of irrelevant details. "They can't see the woods for the trees."

It may be said, in the first place, that an intelligent and well educated reader does use reference books in connection with his reading. If he is confronted with a word in his own language which gives him no meaning, he reaches for his dictionary; if he finds his geography deficient, he is pretty likely to get out his atlas. He does these things for two reasons. His mind is alert, and seeking all the time to grasp the essential meaning of what he reads; if he fails to grasp it, he feels himself baffled and puzzled, and knows he has lost a part of the enjoyment of the author. Further, he wishes to increase his general knowledge. The best informed persons are just those who are most eager to be better informed.

It is highly desirable that boys and girls should early learn the use of books of reference. The best part of an education is that which is gained after one has learned to

go alone; a well stored mind comes only from a lifetime of acquisition. School and college can do no more than get people ready to take entire charge of their own education; and they must train them to be acquisitive — capable of enlarging, and anxious to enlarge, their stores of information. The habit of using books of reference is certainly a very important one for the teacher to inculcate. But the *habit* cannot be developed by insisting that the pupil shall look up every unknown word, every proper name, every chance allusion. The boy who, reading that Addison's "knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound," goes for his classical dictionary and looks up Lucretius, Catullus, Claudian, and Prudentius, with the result, very likely, of announcing to his teacher the next day that they are "all Latin poets," has not got very far beyond his neighbor who took Macaulay's word for it. Nor would it have helped him, had his notes informed him that "Lucretius was a celebrated Latin writer, famous as the author of the *De Rerum Natura*, a philosophical didactic poem in six books." The result of annotating on such a plan as this is that the notes are usually skipped.

The thing that the pupil wants is the author's meaning. To get this, his attention must be concentrated on what he reads. He certainly cannot read intelligently, if his first endeavor is to carry in his memory various unrelated facts recorded in the notes — a kind of bead exercise, with the text for string. But neither can he read intelligently what he does not understand. One great trouble is that he is very apt to be reading mechanically from the start, because he is preparing a lesson. Perhaps, too, he has never learned to read carefully, word by word, but only skims the surface; his reading has been children's books, light fiction, and the newspapers; the ideas which reach his brain are

faint and swiftly passing shadows. Therefore he must grapple with every sentence, and make it yield him a meaning — clear, definite, well grasped. To such a process every new name and uncomprehended allusion opposes an obstacle. His previous light reading has not called for concentrated effort; it is hard to keep his plough in this heavier soil, and at the slightest obstruction it leaps quite from the furrow, and scratches along on top. So the connection is broken and the attention dispersed. Granted that the intellectual exertion necessary to grasp the meaning word by word may consume all the mental energy available, leaving the reader powerless to carry the thought connection or to read with literary appreciation, it still remains true that a sentence which conveys no meaning can neither add to knowledge nor give pleasure. The child in his first reading lessons halts and stumbles, and finds all his energies absorbed in the effort to recognize and pronounce the words; but he will never learn to read except by repeating the process until the mind learns to do mechanically what now absorbs all the attention. So with the schoolboy. Plodding is hard, but it is only by plodding now that he will eventually be able to do something better worth while.

In annotating this essay for school use, the editor has sought to adapt the notes to three ends. They aim in the first place at helping the pupil to grasp the sense of the text. And as there is a great difference between reading and studying an essay, and as the discipline and increased power which study is intended to result in can be gained only by somewhat close application, the sense which the pupil should try to grasp is the sense of each sentence and each word. In this connection it should be said that no attempt has been made to provide a substitute for the dictionary, which should be resorted to whenever its use is necessary. The second object of the notes is to make the

study additionally profitable by imparting such general information connected with the substance of the essay as the preparatory-school student may reasonably be expected to be interested in, and to remember. Here again the line has been drawn in the case of many things which the editor, but not the teacher, should assume that "every schoolboy knows." And, finally, they seek also to interest the reader in literature by familiarizing him with the literary history of the time, and stimulating him, under the helpful direction of his teacher, to take up in the way of outside reading some of the writings of Addison and his contemporaries.

One thing the editor feels very strongly, and that is the importance of a knowledge of English history in any study connected with its literature, and the appalling ignorance of it which is often to be found even among fairly well educated people. The Essay on Addison is a historical essay, and, though its history is mainly literary history, it calls for an acquaintance with the important political events of the time. No teacher should fail to supply to his class, before beginning the essay, an outline of English history from 1685 to 1719, including the dates of accession of William and Mary, Anne, and George I., and to see that, with the aid of the notes, Macaulay's references are always clearly understood.

In college classes it is thought that this book may be serviceable in two ways. It may be used for auxiliary reading in connection with class-room study of Addison, or it may be used as the starting-point for a study of the literary history of the time. For this purpose the notes have been prepared with a good deal of care, and will, it is trusted, be found correct, — or as nearly so as conscientious labor can reasonably hope to make them. The editor would be indeed presumptuous to think of laying down methods for

teachers of advanced work; yet he may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest that a student who wishes to study closely Addison and his time may find it worth while to take to pieces, as it were, such an essay as Macaulay's, and hunt up the evidence on which each statement rests. A close comparison of the present essay with the corresponding ones of Thackeray and Johnson, and with Mr. Courthope's 'Life of Addison' in the English Men of Letters Series, followed by a tracing back of the various facts recorded in these to their origins, may serve to somewhat advanced students as an introduction to a thorough and intimate knowledge of the writers who flourished in the days of Queen Anne.

LIFE OF MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at the home of his father's brother-in-law, Thomas Babington, at Rothley, in Leicestershire, on Oct. 25, 1800. His early home was in the suburbs of London. His father, the son of a Scotch minister, had lived for some years in the British West Indies. Having learned from practical experience what slavery meant, he resigned the lucrative position which his abilities had won, and returned to England to join the little band of devoted philanthropists who were fighting to put an end to the slave-trade, and to abolish slavery in the English dependencies. Macaulay was his oldest child.

The boy gave early evidence of unusual powers. From the age of three years he was a voracious reader; before he was eight he began to amuse himself with such literary labors as the composition of epic and narrative poems, hymns, epitomes of history, arguments for Christianity. To a wonderfully exact and ready memory was joined intellectual restlessness and imaginative activity. His productions were of course worthless as literature, but they show the bent of the child's mind. He talked the language of books; the world in which he lived was quite apart from that of the ordinary schoolboy.

In the outdoor sports and games of schoolboys he was never proficient. "He could neither swim, nor row, nor drive, nor skate, nor shoot." To the end of his life he remained one of the clumsiest of men. His gloves never

fitted; his clothes were ill put on; he could not strop a razor, and when he shaved he usually cut himself. Even with this physical awkwardness he might in a large school have been drawn into the life around him. But his preparation for the university was at small private schools, so that he was never really a boy among boys. He was not unpopular, but he cared little for anything but reading; in this his activity was prodigious. He read with great rapidity, and yet accurately; and the power of his memory is almost incredible. He could repeat long poems word for word after a single reading; he knew *Paradise Lost* and *Pilgrim's Progress* by heart. Forty years later he recalled and recited two worthless newspaper poems which he had happened to read one day while waiting in a coffee-room, and had never thought of in the interval.

On his entrance upon university life, which was at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818, the social side of the greatest talker of his generation began to develop. Macaulay had never been a mere bookworm; even at school he had been distinguished for the vehemence and self-confidence of his conversation, and the pleasure he took in it; and contemporary politics had always had the keenest interest for him. At his father's house he had been accustomed to hear public affairs discussed by men of distinguished ability, who were themselves intimately concerned in them, and who were at the same time actuated only by high and unselfish motives, moral earnestness, and devotion to duty. In this school Macaulay had received his early training, and he never forgot its principles. Important questions were now pressing forward in English politics. Hostility to the excesses of the French Revolution and the struggle against Napoleon had given a lease of life to British conservatism which was now nearly run out. Roman Catholics were still disqualified from holding office; Parliament was unrepresentative and

under the control of the landowners — the aristocracy; grain was kept dear in the interests of a class, by unjust taxation. But the agitation for reforms had already begun. And in literature and religion as well a liberalizing spirit was at work. Everywhere new ideas were in conflict with old forms — the nineteenth century against the eighteenth. Surrounded as he was by a society of brilliant contemporaries, and in the ferment of the new life which was working in the universities, Macaulay, with his well-stored mind and his exhaustless intellectual energy, found here opportunity for the free play and full expansion of his powers. Macaulay was eminently a sociable man. He loved to talk almost as well as he loved to read. He could talk all day and all night. No hour which found him a listener was ever too late; and if his companion wished his share of the time, they both talked at once. It was not until many years later that he acquired the habit of intermittent "flashes of silence," which Sydney Smith noted as so delightful. His extraordinary fertility of mind and readiness of memory made him incomparable. He was never at a loss for an argument. Everything that he had ever read seemed at the end of his tongue; his mind could range in an instant through his vast storehouse of information, and bring to the front whatever bore on the question in hand. If he wished to illustrate the use of a word, he seemed to be able to quote offhand every passage containing that word which he had ever read, — it made no difference whether it was Latin, Greek, or English. It was no wonder that a man of such powers should have won for himself a foremost place as a conversationalist and an orator, as well as in literature.

His career at the university was signalized by the academic honors which he won. His scholarship, it is true, was not of the kind which loves to delve in details or range about abstractions. He disliked and neglected mathematics, and

he defined a scholar as one who reads Plato with his feet on the fender. But in 1821 he proved the quality of his classical attainments by carrying off a Craven scholarship, and twice he won the Chancellor's medal for English verse. Finally, in 1824, he was elected, after the usual competitive examination, one of the Fellows of his college.

His first distinguished literary success was in 1825, and it was obtained by the publication of the Essay on Milton. Already he had begun to appear in print, having contributed a number of articles and some verse to a newly started and short-lived London quarterly. But the *Edinburgh Review*, which printed the Essay on Milton, was the most important periodical in the country. The Essay was immediately recognized as the work of a new and brilliant writer, and Macaulay became a regular contributor to the *Review*. At the same time he was pursuing the study of the law, though with little interest and no expectation of making it seriously his profession. It is said that "he never really applied himself to any pursuit that was against the grain," and the law was not to his taste. But politics were; and in 1830 he entered the House of Commons as member for Calne.

For the next seventeen years literature held only a second place in his thoughts. His speeches on the Reform Bill in 1831 placed him at once in the front rank of parliamentary orators, and contributed largely to the success of the measure. Had he been free to follow the bent of his own inclinations, he might perhaps have risen to a position second to none of the great leaders of his party. But his poverty hampered him. His father's business, good when Macaulay entered the university, had gone from bad to worse, until at last there was nothing of it left but debts, which Macaulay most honorably assumed and at last completely paid. His writing could be depended on for a small income, but it drew upon his time. As long as his

party was in power he was sure of office and a salary, but it fettered his independence. At this juncture an opportunity presented itself which enabled him, by banishing himself from England for a few years, to earn a sum sufficient to yield him a comfortable income for the rest of his life. He was appointed a member of the Supreme Council of India, and early in 1834 he left England to enter upon his new duties as one of the five English rulers of a great empire.

The summer of 1838 saw him back in London. In his new-found leisure he began to plan his *History of England.* But his services were too valuable to his party to admit of his remaining in private life. Within a year he was elected to Parliament again as one of the members for Edinburgh, and soon after was taken into the Cabinet as Secretary of War. Macaulay was an ardent Whig, and always ready to do battle for his party. He was soon relieved from the cares of office, however, by the success of the Tories in 1841, and though he continued to sit as one of the representatives of Edinburgh, he was for the most part free to press forward the preparation of his greatest work. Five years later he again held office for a short time, but in the elections of 1847 he lost his seat in Parliament, and withdrew from public life. In 1852 he refused a place in the Cabinet; and though, in the same year, yielding to the wishes of his former constituents at Edinburgh, who were anxious to make amends for his earlier defeat and were proud of so distinguished a representative, he again entered Parliament, he never afterwards took a prominent part in the country's business. All his strength was given to the History.

In 1848 the first two volumes appeared. Its success was unprecedented. Macaulay had proposed to himself to write a work which should "supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies." The History proved to be the most popular book of its generation, both in England

and America. In his own country three thousand copies went in ten days, — a record surpassing anything since Waverley, nearly forty years before; and four months later a New York publisher informed Macaulay that there were six editions on the market, with probably sixty thousand copies sold, adding, "No work, of any kind, has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm." The next two volumes, published in 1855, were still more popular. Within three months his publishers paid him £20,000 in a single check. With pecuniary reward came also the honors that belonged to the first English historian of his day. In 1849 he had declined the professorship of modern history at Cambridge. In 1853 he was elected a foreign member of the Institute of France, and the king of Prussia named him a knight of the Order of Merit. Learned societies all over Europe made him of their number; he held high offices at the universities of Glasgow and Cambridge; and in 1857 he was elevated to the peerage, as Baron Macaulay of Rothley.

Not content with making himself the most popular and influential essayist and historian of his time, Lord Macaulay had aspired also to the poet's laurels. In 1842 he had published his well-known *Lays of Ancient Rome.* Full of fire and spirit, of rapid movement, vigor, and stateliness, they are as characteristic of their author as are his speeches or his History. Macaulay was not a poet of the kind of the greatest poets of our century. His imagination was rather historic than poetic; one of the tenderest-hearted of men, his feeling was social and sympathetic rather than lyric and impassioned; his delight was in objective activity, not in the companionship of his own moods; he loved the life of men better than the life of nature; he was not an instinctive master of the secrets of the human heart. But he had the power of making the past seem present to him. He moved in other days or lands as easily as his own; London became

at will the London of Queen Anne or the capital of the Cæsars. He could reconstruct, from the material which his great reading supplied, all the life and color and movement of generations dead and gone. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* are not mere rhetoric in verse; they move us like martial music and the tread of marching men; they are genuine poetry, though not of the kind which our age values most.

Lord Macaulay's life had always been intense. "When I do sit down to work," he said of himself, "I work harder and faster than any person that I ever knew"; and he played as hard as he worked. His tremendous intellectual energy, always active, and always applying itself in powerfully concentrated effort, had begun to wear out his body. In 1852 had developed serious trouble with his heart, and he never regained perfect health. As the History progressed, he applied himself to his task with increasing difficulty; after the publication of the second instalment his waning strength compelled him to resign his seat in Parliament; the fifth volume he did not live to see in print. Toward the close of the year 1859 his weakness grew upon him, and on December 28th death came, suddenly but painlessly, as he sat in his easy chair with open book beside him. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near to Johnson and Addison, — the great representative prose writer of the first half of the nineteenth century beside the two great essayists of the eighteenth.

The most conspicuous trait in Macaulay's character, the trait which appears in all that he did, is his vigor, his energy of intellect. He is a kind of nineteenth-century Dr. Johnson, made fit for the drawing-room. But where Johnson was lazy, he was active; where Johnson was melancholy, he was cheerful; where Johnson was weak, he was strong. His exhaustless capacity for work, his incessant intellectual

activity, — he read with impartial avidity everything from the hardest Greek tragedy to the last bad novel, — his wonderful powers of memory, his brilliant conversation, his diversified interests and varied literary production, all attest the same trait. He wasted on trifles the intellectual force of half a dozen ordinary brains.

It is not strange that such a man should have been one of the most forcible writers that ever held a pen. Every sentence is crisp, clear, and strong. The boy or girl who studies Macaulay's style is taking a composition tonic. It is the best remedy that can be prescribed for the diffuseness and inaccuracy of thought, loose and ineffective sentence-structure, and feeble use of words, that beset the average untrained writer. Clearness and force in thinking, speaking, and writing are the qualities best worth cultivating. "The first rule of all writing," said Macaulay, "that rule to which every other is subordinate, is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers." It is a rule which we may well make our motto. The teacher who makes the best use of Macaulay will not fail to direct continual attention to the style.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ADDISON.

(*EDINBURGH REVIEW, JULY*, 1843.)

SOME reviewers are of opinion that a lady who dares to publish a book renounces by that act the franchises appertaining to her sex, and can claim no exemption from the utmost rigor of critical procedure. From that opinion we dissent. We admit, indeed, that in a country which boasts of many female writers, eminently qualified by their talents and acquirements to influence the public mind, it would be of most pernicious consequence that inaccurate history or unsound philosophy should be suffered to pass uncensured, merely because the offender chanced to be a lady. But we conceive that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate the courteous knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion; but before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge.

Nor are the immunities of sex the only immunities which Miss Aikin may rightfully plead. Several of her works, and especially the very pleasing 'Memoirs of the Reign of James the First,' have fully entitled her to the privileges enjoyed by good writers. One of those privileges we hold to be this, that such writers, when, either from the unlucky choice of a subject or from the indolence too often produced by success, they happen to fail,

shall not be subjected to the severe discipline which it is sometimes necessary to inflict upon dunces and impostors, but shall merely be reminded by a gentle touch, like that with which the Laputan flapper roused his dreaming lord, that it is high time to wake.

Our readers will probably infer from what we have said that Miss Aikin's book has disappointed us. The truth is, that she is not well acquainted with her subject. No person who is not familiar with the political and literary history of England during the reigns of William the Third, of Anne, and of George the First can possibly write a good life of Addison. Now, we mean no reproach to Miss Aikin, and many will think that we pay her a compliment, when we say that her studies have taken a different direction. She is better acquainted with Shakespeare and Raleigh than with Congreve and Prior; and is far more at home among the ruffs and peaked beards of Theobald's than among the Steenkirks and flowing periwigs which surrounded Queen Anne's tea-table at Hampton. She seems to have written about the Elizabethan age because she had read much about it; she seems, on the other hand, to have read a little about the age of Addison because she had determined to write about it. The consequence is, that she has had to describe men and things without having either a correct or a vivid idea of them, and that she has often fallen into errors of a very serious kind. The reputation which Miss Aikin has justly earned stands so high, and the charm of Addison's letters is so great, that a second edition of this work may probably be required. If so, we hope that every paragraph will be revised, and that every date and fact about which there can be the smallest doubt will be carefully verified.

To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is

inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity, some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticism as superficial as Dr. Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's. It is praise enough to say of a writer that, in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

As a man, he may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, worshiped him nightly in his favorite temple at Button's. But after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts, free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every

law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.

His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, who, though eclipsed by his more celebrated son, made some figure in the world, and occupies with credit two folio pages in the Biographia Britannica. Lancelot was sent up as a poor scholar from Westmoreland to Queen's College, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth; made some progress in learning; became, like most of his fellow-students, a violent Royalist; lampooned the heads of the university, and was forced to ask pardon on his bended knees. When he had left college he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen Church to the families of those sturdy squires whose manor-houses were scattered over the Wild of Sussex. After the Restoration his loyalty was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk. When Dunkirk was sold to France he lost his employment. But Tangier had been ceded by Portugal to England as part of the marriage portion of the Infanta Catharine; and to Tangier Lancelot Addison was sent. A more miserable situation can hardly be conceived. It was difficult to say whether the unfortunate settlers were more tormented by the heats or by the rains, by the soldiers within the wall or by the Moors without it. One advantage the chaplain had. He enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the history and manners of Jews and Mahometans; and of this opportunity he appears to have made excellent use. On his return to England, after some years of banishment, he published an interesting volume on the 'Polity and Religion of Barbary,' and another on the 'Hebrew Customs and the State of Rabbinical Learning.' He rose to eminence in his profes-

sion, and became one of the royal chaplains, a Doctor of Divinity, Archdeacon of Salisbury, and Dean of Lichfield. It is said that he would have been made a bishop after the Revolution if he had not given offense to the government by strenuously opposing, in the Convocation of 1689, the liberal policy of William and Tillotson.

In 1672, not long after Dr. Addison's return from Tangier, his son Joseph was born. Of Joseph's childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at schools in his father's neighborhood, and was then sent to the Charterhouse. The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks do not harmonize very well with what we know of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ringleader in a barring out, and another tradition that he ran away from school and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree, till after a long search he was discovered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men.

We have abundant proof that, whatever Joseph's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste and a stock of learning which would have done honor to a Master of Arts. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but he had not been many months there when some of his Latin verses fell by accident into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalen College. The young scholar's diction and versification were already such as veteran professors might envy. Dr. Lancaster was desirous to serve a boy of such promise; nor was an opportunity long wanting. The Revolution had just taken place;

and nowhere had it been hailed with more delight than at Magdalen College. That great and opulent corporation had been treated by James and by his Chancellor with an insolence and injustice which, even in such a prince and in such a minister, may justly excite amazement, and which had done more than even the prosecution of the bishops to alienate the Church of England from the throne. A president, duly elected, had been violently expelled from his dwelling; a Papist had been set over the society by a royal mandate; the fellows, who, in conformity with their oaths, had refused to submit to this usurper, had been driven forth from their quiet cloisters and gardens to die of want or to live on charity. But the day of redress and retribution speedily came. The intruders were ejected; the venerable house was again inhabited by its old inmates; learning flourished under the rule of the wise and virtuous Hough; and with learning was united a mild and liberal spirit too often wanting in the princely colleges of Oxford. In consequence of the troubles through which the society had passed, there had been no valid election of new members during the year 1688. In 1689, therefore, there was twice the ordinary number of vacancies; and thus Dr. Lancaster found it easy to procure for his young friend admittance to the advantages of a foundation then generally esteemed the wealthiest in Europe.

At Magdalen Addison resided during ten years. He was at first one of those scholars who are called demies, but was subsequently elected a fellow. His college is still proud of his name; his portrait still hangs in the hall; and strangers are still told that his favorite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell. It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow-students

by the delicacy of his feelings, by the shyness of his manners, and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high. Many years later the ancient doctors of Magdalen continued to talk in their common room of his boyish compositions, and expressed their sorrow that no copy of exercises so remarkable had been preserved. It is proper, however, to remark that Miss Aikin has committed the error, very pardonable in a lady, of overrating Addison's classical attainments. In one department of learning, indeed, his proficiency was such as it is hardly possible to overrate. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound. He understood them thoroughly, entered into their spirit, and had the finest and most discriminating perception of all their peculiarities of style and melody; nay, he copied their manner with admirable skill, and surpassed, we think, all their British imitators who had preceded him, Buchanan and Milton alone excepted. This is high praise; and beyond this we cannot with justice go. It is clear that Addison's serious attention during his residence at the university was almost entirely concentrated on Latin poetry, and that, if he did not wholly neglect other provinces of ancient literature, he vouchsafed to them only a cursory glance. He does not appear to have attained more than an ordinary acquaintance with the political and moral writers of Rome; nor was his own Latin prose by any means equal to his Latin verse. His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was in his time thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. A minute examination of

his works, if we had time to make such an examination, would fully bear out these remarks. We will briefly advert to a few of the facts on which our judgment is grounded.

Great praise is due to the notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the 'Metamorphoses.' Yet those notes, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. Now, if in the whole compass of Latin literature there be a passage which stands in need of illustration drawn from the Greek poets, it is the story of Pentheus in the third book of the 'Metamorphoses.' Ovid was indebted for that story to Euripides and Theocritus, both of whom he has sometimes followed minutely. But neither to Euripides nor to Theocritus does Addison make the faintest allusion; and we therefore believe that we do not wrong him by supposing that he had little or no knowledge of their works.

His travels in Italy, again, abound with classical quotations, happily introduced; but scarcely one of those quotations is in prose. He draws more illustrations from Ausonius and Manilius than from Cicero. Even his notions of the political and military affairs of the Romans seem to be derived from poets and poetasters. Spots made memorable by events which have changed the destinies of the world, and which have been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient versifier. In the gorge of the Apennines he naturally remembers the hardships which Hannibal's army endured, and proceeds to cite, not the

authentic narrative of Polybius, not the picturesque narrative of Livy, but the languid hexameters of Silius Italicus. On the banks of the Rubicon he never thinks of Plutarch's lively description, or of the stern conciseness of the Commentaries, or of those letters to Atticus which so forcibly express the alternations of hope and fear in a sensitive mind at a great crisis. His only authority for the events of the Civil War is Lucan.

All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without recalling one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages of Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Ovid.

The same may be said of the 'Treatise on Medals.' In that pleasing work we find about three hundred passages extracted with great judgment from the Roman poets; but we do not recollect a single passage taken from any Roman orator or historian, and we are confident that not a line is quoted from any Greek writer. No person who had derived all his information on the subject of medals from Addison would suspect that the Greek coins were in historical interest equal, and in beauty of execution far superior, to those of Rome.

If it were necessary to find any further proof that Addison's classical knowledge was confined within narrow limits, that proof would be furnished by his 'Essay on the Evidences of Christianity.' The Roman poets throw little or no light on the literary and historical questions which he is under the necessity of examining in that essay. He is, therefore, left completely in the dark; and it is melancholy to see how helplessly he gropes his way from blunder to blunder. He assigns as grounds for his religious belief stories as absurd as

that of the Cock Lane ghost, and forgeries as rank as Ireland's Vortigern; puts faith in the lie about the Thundering Legion; is convinced that Tiberius moved the Senate to admit Jesus among the gods; and pronounces the letter of Abgarus, King of Edessa, to be a record of great authority. Nor were these errors the effects of superstition; for to superstition Addison was by no means prone. The truth is, that he was writing about what he did not understand.

Miss Aikin has discovered a letter from which it appears that, while Addison resided at Oxford, he was one of several writers whom the booksellers engaged to make an English version of Herodotus; and she infers that he must have been a good Greek scholar. We can allow very little weight to this argument when we consider that his fellow-laborers were to have been Boyle and Blackmore. Boyle is remembered chiefly as the nominal author of the worst book on Greek history and philology that ever was printed; and this book, bad as it is, Boyle was unable to produce without help. Of Blackmore's attainments in the ancient tongues, it may be sufficient to say that, in his prose, he has confounded an aphorism with an apothegm, and that when, in his verse, he treats of classical subjects, his habit is to regale his readers with four false quantities to a page.

It is probable that the classical acquirements of Addison were of as much service to him as if they had been more extensive. The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well. Bentley was so immeasurably superior to all the other scholars of his time that few among them could discover his superiority. But the accomplishment in which Addison excelled his contemporaries was then,

as it is now, highly valued and assiduously cultivated at all English seats of learning. Everybody who had been at a public school had written Latin verses; many had written such verses with tolerable success, and were quite able to appreciate, though by no means able to rival, the skill with which Addison imitated Virgil. His lines on the 'Barometer' and the 'Bowling Green' were applauded by hundreds to whom the 'Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris' was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on an obelisk.

Purity of style and an easy flow of numbers are common to all Addison's Latin poems. Our favorite piece is the 'Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies,' for in that piece we discern a gleam of the fancy and humor which many years later enlivened thousands of breakfast-tables. Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint; and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his voyage to Lilliput from Addison's verses. Let our readers judge.

"The Emperor," says Gulliver, "is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders."

About thirty years before 'Gulliver's Travels' appeared, Addison wrote these lines: —

> "Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
> Pygmeadum ductor, qui, majestate verendus,
> Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
> Mole gigantea, mediamque exsurgit in ulnam."

The Latin poems of Addison were greatly and justly admired both at Oxford and Cambridge before his name had ever been heard by the wits who thronged the coffee-

houses round Drury Lane Theatre. In his twenty-second year he ventured to appear before the public as a writer of English verse. He addressed some complimentary lines to Dryden, who, after many triumphs and many reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and an interchange of civilities and good offices followed. Addison was probably introduced by Dryden to Congreve, and was certainly presented by Congreve to Charles Montagu, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons.

At this time Addison seemed inclined to devote himself to poetry. He published a translation of part of the fourth Georgic, 'Lines to King William,' and other performances of equal value; that is to say, of no value at all. But in those days the public was in the habit of receiving with applause pieces which would now have little chance of obtaining the Newdigate prize or the Seatonian prize. And the reason is obvious. The heroic couplet was then the favorite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rimes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle or shoeing a horse, and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn anything. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to everybody else. From the time when his 'Pastorals' appeared, heroic versification became

matter of rule and compass; and before long all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second — Rochester, for example, or Marvel, or Oldham — would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson was a great man, Hoole a very small man. But Hoole, coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses, and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other as the blocks which have passed through Mr. Brunel's mill in the dockyards at Portsmouth. Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand with a blunt hatchet. Take as a specimen his translation of a celebrated passage in the Æneid: —

> "This child our parent earth, stirred up with spite
> Of all the gods, brought forth, and, as some write,
> She was last sister of that giant race
> That sought to scale Jove's court, right swift of pace,
> And swifter far of wing, a monster vast
> And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
> On her huge corpse, so many waking eyes
> Stick underneath, and, which may stranger rise
> In the report, as many tongues she wears."

Compare with these jagged, misshapen distichs the neat fabric which Hoole's machine produces in unlimited abundance. We take the first lines on which we open in his version of Tasso. They are neither better nor worse than the rest: —

"O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led,
By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,
No greater wonders east or west can boast
Than yon small island on the pleasing coast.
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
The current pass, and seek the further shore."

Ever since the time of Pope there has been a glut of lines of this sort; and we are now as little disposed to admire a man for being able to write them as for being able to write his name. But in the days of William the Third such versification was rare; and a rimer who had any skill in it passed for a great poet, just as in the dark ages a person who could write his name passed for a great clerk. Accordingly, Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh, and others, whose only title to fame was that they said in tolerable meter what might have been as well said in prose, or what was not worth saying at all, were honored with marks of distinction which ought to be reserved for genius. With these Addison must have ranked, if he had not earned true and lasting glory by performances which very little resembled his juvenile poems.

Dryden was now busied with Virgil, and obtained from Addison a critical preface to the Georgics. In return for this service, and for other services of the same kind, the veteran poet, in the postscript to the translation of the Æneid, complimented his young friend with great liberality, and indeed with more liberality than sincerity. He affected to be afraid that his own performance would not sustain a comparison with the version of the fourth Georgic by "the most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford." "After his bees," added Dryden, "my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving."

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Everything seemed to

point his course towards the clerical profession. His habits were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift, and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr. Lancelot Addison held an honorable place in the Church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman. It is clear, from some expressions in the young man's rimes, that his intention was to take orders. But Charles Montagu interfered. Montagu had first brought himself into notice by verses, well-timed and not contemptibly written, but never, we think, rising above mediocrity. Fortunately for himself and for his country, he early quitted poetry, in which he could never have attained a rank as high as that of Dorset or Rochester, and turned his mind to official and parliamentary business. It is written that the ingenious person who undertook to instruct Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, in the art of flying, ascended an eminence, waved his wings, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped into the lake. But it is added that the wings which were unable to support him through the sky, bore him up effectually as soon as he was in the water. This is no bad type of the fate of Charles Montagu, and of men like him. When he attempted to soar into the regions of poetical invention, he altogether failed; but as soon as he had descended from that ethereal elevation into a lower and grosser element, his talents instantly raised him above the mass. He became a distinguished financier, debater, courtier, and party leader. He still retained his fondness for the pursuits of his early days; but he showed that fondness, not by wearying the public with his own feeble performances, but by discovering and encouraging literary excellence in others. A crowd of wits and poets, who would easily have vanquished

him as a competitor, revered him as a judge and a patron. In his plans for the encouragement of learning, he was cordially supported by the ablest and most virtuous of his colleagues, the Lord Chancellor Somers. Though both these great statesmen had a sincere love of letters, it was not solely from a love of letters that they were desirous to enlist youths of high intellectual qualifications in the public service. The Revolution had altered the whole system of government. Before that event the press had been controlled by censors, and the parliament had sat only two months in eight years. Now the press was free, and had begun to exercise unprecedented influence on the public mind. Parliament met annually and sat long. The chief power in the State had passed to the House of Commons. At such a conjuncture, it was natural that literary and oratorical talents should rise in value. There was danger that a government which neglected such talents might be subverted by them. It was, therefore, a profound and enlightened policy which led Montagu and Somers to attach such talents to the Whig party, by the strongest ties both of interest and of gratitude.

It is remarkable that in a neighboring country we have recently seen similar effects follow from similar causes. The Revolution of July, 1830, established representative government in France. The men of letters instantly rose to the highest importance in the State. At the present moment, most of the persons whom we see at the head both of the Administration and of the Opposition have been professors, historians, journalists, poets. The influence of the literary class in England during the generation which followed the Revolution was great, but by no means so great as it has lately been in France; for in England the aristocracy of intellect had to contend with a powerful and deeply rooted aris-

tocracy of a very different kind. France had no Somersets and Shrewsburies to keep down her Addisons and Priors.

It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally determined. Both the great chiefs of the Ministry were kindly disposed towards him. In political opinions he already was what he continued to be through life, a firm, though a moderate, Whig. He had addressed the most polished and vigorous of his early English lines to Somers, and had dedicated to Montagu a Latin poem, truly Virgilian both in style and rhythm, on the peace of Ryswick. The wish of the young poet's great friends was, it should seem, to employ him in the service of the Crown abroad. But an intimate knowledge of the French language was a qualification indispensable to a diplomatist; and this qualification Addison had not acquired. It was, therefore, thought desirable that he should pass some time on the Continent in preparing himself for official employment. His own means were not such as would enable him to travel; but a pension of three hundred pounds a year was procured for him by the interest of the Lord Chancellor. It seems to have been apprehended that some difficulty might be started by the rulers of Magdalen College. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote in the strongest terms to Hough. The State — such was the purport of Montagu's letter — could not, at that time, spare to the Church such a man as Addison. Too many high civil posts were already occupied by adventurers, who, destitute of every liberal art and sentiment, at once pillaged and disgraced the country which they pretended to serve. It had become necessary to recruit for the public service from a very different class, — from that class of which Addison was the

representative. The close of the Minister's letter was remarkable. "I am called," he said, "an enemy of the Church. But I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it."

This interference was successful; and in the summer of 1699, Addison, made a rich man by his pension, and still retaining his fellowship, quitted his beloved Oxford, and set out on his travels. He crossed from Dover to Calais, proceeded to Paris, and was received there with great kindness and politeness by a kinsman of his friend Montagu, Charles, Earl of Manchester, who had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France. The Countess, a Whig and a toast, was probably as gracious as her lord; for Addison long retained an agreeable recollection of the impression which she at this time made on him, and, in some lively lines written on the glasses of the Kit Cat Club, described the envy which her cheeks, glowing with the genuine bloom of England, had excited among the painted beauties of Versailles.

Louis the Fourteenth was at this time expiating the vices of his youth by a devotion which had no root in reason, and bore no fruit of charity. The servile literature of France had changed its character to suit the changed character of the prince. No book appeared that had not an air of sanctity. Racine, who was just dead, had passed the close of his life in writing sacred dramas; and Dacier was seeking for the Athanasian mysteries in Plato. Addison described this state of things in a short but lively and graceful letter to Montagu. Another letter, written about the same time to the Lord Chancellor, conveyed the strongest assurances of gratitude and attachment. "The only return I can make to your lordship," said Addison, "will be to apply

myself entirely to my business." With this view he quitted Paris and repaired to Blois, a place where it was supposed that the French language was spoken in its highest purity, and where not a single Englishman could be found. Here he passed some months pleasantly and profitably. Of his way of life at Blois, one of his associates, an abbé named Philippeaux, gave an account to Joseph Spence. If this account is to be trusted, Addison studied much, mused much, talked little, had fits of absence, and either had no love affairs or was too discreet to confide them to the abbé. A man who, even when surrounded by fellow-countrymen and fellow-students, had always been remarkably shy and silent, was not likely to be loquacious in a foreign tongue and among foreign companions. But it is clear from Addison's letters, some of which were long after published in the *Guardian*, that, while he appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations, he was really observing French society with that keen and sly, yet not ill-natured, side-glance which was peculiarly his own.

From Blois he returned to Paris; and having now mastered the French language, found great pleasure in the society of French philosophers and poets. He gave an account in a letter to Bishop Hough of two highly interesting conversations, one with Malebranche, the other with Boileau. Malebranche expressed great partiality for the English, and extolled the genius of Newton, but shook his head when Hobbes was mentioned, and was indeed so unjust as to call the author of the 'Leviathan' a poor silly creature. Addison's modesty restrained him from fully relating, in his letter, the circumstances of his introduction to Boileau. Boileau, having survived the friends and rivals of his youth, old, deaf, and melancholy, lived in retirement, seldom went either to Court or to the

Academy, and was almost inaccessible to strangers. Of the English and of English literature he knew nothing. He had hardly heard the name of Dryden. Some of our countrymen, in the warmth of their patriotism, have asserted that this ignorance must have been affected. We own that we see no ground for such a supposition. English literature was to the French of the age of Louis the Fourteenth what German literature was to our own grandfathers. Very few, we suspect, of the accomplished men who, sixty or seventy years ago, used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua, or at Streatham with Mrs. Thrale, had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing beyond all dispute the first critic, in Europe. Boileau knew just as little about the 'Paradise Lost' and about 'Absalom and Achitophel'; but he had read Addison's Latin poems, and admired them greatly. They had given him, he said, quite a new notion of the state of learning and taste among the English. Johnson will have it that these praises were insincere. "Nothing," says he, "is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation." Now, nothing is better known of Boileau than that he was singularly sparing of compliments. We do not remember that either friendship or fear ever induced him to bestow praise on any composition which he did not approve. On literary questions, his caustic, disdainful, and self-confident spirit rebelled against that authority to which everything else in France bowed down. He had the spirit to tell Louis the Fourteenth firmly, and even rudely, that his Majesty knew nothing about poetry, and admired verses which were detestable. What was there in Addison's position that could induce the satirist, whose stern and

fastidious temper had been the dread of two generations, to turn sycophant for the first and last time? Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio, whose taste had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the inelegant idiom of the Po? Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederic the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederic the Great, after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century, after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates, could not, to the last, compose in French without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus and Fracastorius wrote Latin as well as Dr. Robertson and Sir Walter Scott wrote English? And are there not in the 'Dissertation on India,' the last of Dr. Robertson's works, in 'Waverley,' in 'Marmion,' Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh? But does it follow, because we think thus, that we can find nothing to admire in the noble alcaics of Gray, or in the playful elegiacs of Vincent Bourne? Surely not. Nor was Boileau so ignorant or tasteless as to be incapable of appreciating good modern Latin. In the very letter to

which Johnson alludes, Boileau says: "Ne croyez pas pourtant que je veuille par là blâmer les vers Latins que vous m'avez envoyés d'un de vos illustres académiciens. Je les ai trouvés fort beaux, et dignes de Vida et de Sannazar, mais non pas d'Horace et de Virgile." Several poems in modern Latin have been praised by Boileau quite as liberally as it was his habit to praise anything. He says, for example, of the Père Fraguier's epigrams, that Catullus seems to have come to life again. But the best proof that Boileau did not feel the undiscerning contempt for modern Latin verses which has been imputed to him is that he wrote and published Latin verses in several meters. Indeed, it happens, curiously enough, that the most severe censure ever pronounced by him on modern Latin is conveyed in Latin hexameters. We allude to the fragment which begins: —

> "Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,
> Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,
> Musa, jubes?"

For these reasons we feel assured that the praise which Boileau bestowed on the 'Machinae Gesticulantes' and the 'Gerano-Pygmaeomachia' was sincere. He certainly opened himself to Addison with a freedom which was a sure indication of esteem. Literature was the chief subject of conversation. The old man talked on his favorite theme much and well, — indeed, as his young hearer thought, incomparably well. Boileau had undoubtedly some of the qualities of a great critic. He wanted imagination; but he had strong sense. His literary code was formed on narrow principles; but in applying it he showed great judgment and penetration. In mere style, abstracted from the ideas of which style is the garb, his taste was excellent. He was well acquainted with the great Greek

writers, and, though unable fully to appreciate their creative genius, admired the majestic simplicity of their manner, and had learned from them to despise bombast and tinsel. It is easy, we think, to discover in the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* traces of the influence, in part salutary and in part pernicious, which the mind of Boileau had on the mind of Addison.

While Addison was at Paris, an event took place which made that capital a disagreeable residence for an Englishman and a Whig. Charles, second of the name, King of Spain, died, and bequeathed his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, a younger son of the Dauphin. The King of France, in direct violation of his engagements, both with Great Britain and with the States-General, accepted the bequest on behalf of his grandson. The House of Bourbon was at the summit of human grandeur. England had been outwitted, and found herself in a situation at once degrading and perilous. The people of France, not presaging the calamities by which they were destined to expiate the perfidy of their sovereign, went mad with pride and delight. Every man looked as if a great estate had just been left him. "The French conversation," said Addison, "begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever." Sick of the arrogant exultation of the Parisians, and probably foreseeing that the peace between France and England could not be of long duration, he set off for Italy.

In December, 1700,[1] he embarked at Marseilles. As he

[1] It is strange that Addison should, in the first lines of his travels, have misdated his departure from Marseilles by a whole year, and still more strange that this slip of the pen, which throws the whole narrative into inextricable confusion, should have been repeated in a succession of editions, and never detected by Tickell or Hurd. — *Macaulay.*

glided along the Ligurian coast, he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive trees, which retained their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the meantime, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him appears from the ode, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' which was long after published in the *Spectator*. After some days of discomfort and danger, Addison was glad to land at Savona, and to make his way, over mountains where no road had yet been hewn out by art, to the city of Genoa.

At Genoa, still ruled by her own Doge, and by the nobles whose names were inscribed on her Book of Gold, Addison made a short stay. He admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces, the walls rich with frescos, the gorgeous temple of the Annunciation, and the tapestries whereon were recorded the long glories of the House of Doria. Thence he hastened to Milan, where he contemplated the Gothic magnificence of the cathedral with more wonder than pleasure. He passed Lake Benacus while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged when Virgil looked upon them. At Venice, then the gayest spot in Europe, the traveler spent the Carnival, the gayest season of the year, in the midst of masks, dances, and serenades. Here he was at once diverted and provoked by the absurd dramatic pieces which then disgraced the Italian stage. To one of those pieces, however, he was indebted for a valuable hint. He was present when a ridiculous play on the death of Cato was performed.

Cato, it seems, was in love with a daughter of Scipio. The lady had given her heart to Cæsar. The rejected lover determined to destroy himself. He appeared seated in his library, a dagger in his hand, a Plutarch and a Tasso before him; and in this position he pronounced a soliloquy before he struck the blow. We are surprised that so remarkable a circumstance as this should have escaped the notice of all Addison's biographers. There cannot, we conceive, be the smallest doubt that this scene, in spite of its absurdities and anachronisms, struck the traveler's imagination, and suggested to him the thought of bringing Cato on the English stage. It is well known that about this time he began his tragedy, and that he finished the first four acts before he returned to England.

On his way from Venice to Rome, he was drawn some miles out of the beaten road by a wish to see the smallest independent state in Europe. On a rock where the snow still lay, though the Italian spring was now far advanced, was perched the little fortress of San Marino. The roads which led to the secluded town were so bad that few travelers had ever visited it, and none had ever published an account of it. Addison could not suppress a good-natured smile at the simple manners and institutions of this singular community. But he observed, with the exultation of a Whig, that the rude mountain tract which formed the territory of the republic swarmed with an honest, healthy, and contented peasantry, while the rich plain which surrounded the metropolis of civil and spiritual tyranny was scarcely less desolate than the uncleared wilds of America.

At Rome Addison remained on his first visit only long enough to catch a glimpse of St. Peter's and of the Pantheon. His haste is the more extraordinary because the Holy Week was close at hand. He has given no

hint which can enable us to pronounce why he chose to fly from a spectacle which every year allures from distant regions persons of far less taste and sensibility than his. Possibly, traveling as he did at the charge of a government distinguished by its enmity to the Church of Rome, he may have thought that it would be imprudent in him to assist at the most magnificent rite of that Church. Many eyes would be upon him, and he might find it difficult to behave in such a manner as to give offense neither to his patrons in England nor to those among whom he resided. Whatever his motives may have been, he turned his back on the most august and affecting ceremony which is known among men, and posted along the Appian Way to Naples.

Naples was then destitute of what are now, perhaps, its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farmhouse stood on the theater of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Pæstum had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but, strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator had not long before painted, and where Vico was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What was to be seen at Naples Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo, and wandered among the vines and almond trees of Capreæ. But neither the wonders of nature nor those of art could so occupy his attention as to prevent him from noticing, though cursorily, the abuses of the government and the misery of the people. The great kingdom which had just descended to Philip the Fifth

was in a state of paralytic dotage. Even Castile and Aragon were sunk in wretchedness. Yet, compared with the Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown, Castile and Aragon might be called prosperous. It is clear that all the observations which Addison made in Italy tended to confirm him in the political opinions which he had adopted at home. To the last, he always spoke of foreign travel as the best cure for Jacobitism. In his *Freeholder*, the Tory foxhunter asks what traveling is good for except to teach a man to jabber French and to talk against passive obedience.

From Naples Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favorite Virgil had celebrated. The felucca passed the headland where the oar and trumpet were placed by the Trojan adventurers on the tomb of Misenus, and anchored at night under the shelter of the fabled promontory of Circe. The voyage ended in the Tiber, still overhung with dark verdure, and still turbid with yellow sand, as when it met the eyes of Æneas. From the ruined port of Ostia the stranger hurried to Rome; and at Rome he remained during those hot and sickly months when, even in the Augustan age, all who could make their escape fled from mad dogs and from streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country. It is probable that when he, long after, poured forth in verse his gratitude to the Providence which had enabled him to breathe unhurt in tainted air, he was thinking of the August and September which he passed at Rome.

It was not till the latter end of October that he tore himself away from the masterpieces of ancient and modern art which are collected in the city so long the mistress of the world. He then journeyed northward, passed through Sienna, and for a moment forgot his

prejudices in favor of classic architecture as he looked on the magnificent cathedral. At Florence he spent some days with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who, cloyed with the pleasures of ambition and impatient of its pains, fearing both parties and loving neither, had determined to hide in an Italian retreat talents and accomplishments which, if they had been united with fixed principles and civil courage, might have made him the foremost man of his age. These days, we are told, passed pleasantly; and we can easily believe it. For Addison was a delightful companion when he was at his ease; and the Duke, though he seldom forgot that he was a Talbot, had the invaluable art of putting at ease all who came near him.

Addison gave some time to Florence, and especially to the sculptures in the Museum, which he preferred even to those of the Vatican. He then pursued his journey through a country in which the ravages of the last war were still discernible, and in which all men were looking forward with dread to a still fiercer conflict. Eugene had already descended from the Rhætian Alps to dispute with Catinat the rich plain of Lombardy. The faithless ruler of Savoy was still reckoned among the allies of Louis. England had not yet actually declared war against France; but Manchester had left Paris, and the negotiations which produced the Grand Alliance against the House of Bourbon were in progress. Under such circumstances, it was desirable for an English traveler to reach neutral ground without delay. Addison resolved to cross Mont Cenis. It was December, and the road was very different from that which now reminds the stranger of the power and genius of Napoleon. The winter, however, was mild; and the passage was, for those times, easy. To this journey Addison alluded when, in the ode which we have already quoted, he said that for

him the Divine goodness had warmed the hoary Alpine hills.

It was in the midst of the eternal snow that he composed his Epistle to his friend Montagu, now Lord Halifax. That Epistle, once widely renowned, is now known only to curious readers, and will hardly be considered by those to whom it is known as in any perceptible degree heightening Addison's fame. It is, however, decidedly superior to any English composition which he had previously published. Nay, we think it quite as good as any poem in heroic meter which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the 'Essay on Criticism.' It contains passages as good as the second-rate passages of Pope, and would have added to the reputation of Parnell or Prior.

But whatever be the literary merits or defects of the Epistle, it undoubtedly does honor to the principles and spirit of the author. Halifax had now nothing to give. He had fallen from power, had been held up to obloquy, had been impeached by the House of Commons, and, though his peers had dismissed the impeachment, had, as it seemed, little chance of ever again filling high office. The Epistle, written at such a time, is one among many proofs that there was no mixture of cowardice or meanness in the suavity and moderation which distinguished Addison from all the other public men of those stormy times.

At Geneva the traveler learned that a partial change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Earl of Manchester had become Secretary of State. Manchester exerted himself to serve his young friend. It was thought advisable that an English agent should be near the person of Eugene in Italy; and Addison, whose diplomatic education was now finished, was the

man selected. He was preparing to enter on his honorable functions, when all his prospects were for a time darkened by the death of William the Third.

Anne had long felt a strong aversion, personal, political, and religious, to the Whig party. That aversion appeared in the first measures of her reign. Manchester was deprived of the seals, after he had held them only a few weeks. Neither Somers nor Halifax was sworn of the Privy Council. Addison shared the fate of his three patrons. His hopes of employment in the public service were at an end; his pension was stopped, and it was necessary for him to support himself by his own exertions. He became tutor to a young English traveler, and appears to have rambled with his pupil over a great part of Switzerland and Germany. At this time he wrote his pleasing treatise on 'Medals.' It was not published till after his death; but several distinguished scholars saw the manuscript, and gave just praise to the grace of the style, and to the learning and ingenuity evinced by the quotations.

From Germany Addison repaired to Holland, where he learned the melancholy news of his father's death. After passing some months in the United Provinces, he returned, about the close of the year 1703, to England. He was there cordially received by his friends, and introduced by them into the Kit-Cat Club, a society in which were collected all the various talents and accomplishments which then gave luster to the Whig party.

Addison was, during some months after his return from the Continent, hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties. But it was soon in the power of his noble patrons to serve him effectually. A political change, silent and gradual, but of the highest importance, was in daily progress. The accession of Anne had been hailed by

the Tories with transports of joy and hope; and for a time it seemed that the Whigs had fallen never to rise again. The throne was surrounded by men supposed to be attached to the prerogative and to the Church; and among these none stood so high in the favor of the sovereign as the Lord Treasurer Godolphin and the Captain-General Marlborough.

The country gentlemen and country clergymen had fully expected that the policy of these ministers would be directly opposed to that which had been almost constantly followed by William; that the landed interest would be favored at the expense of trade; that no addition would be made to the funded debt; that the privileges conceded to Dissenters by the late king would be curtailed, if not withdrawn; that the war with France, if there must be such a war, would, on our part, be almost entirely naval; and that the government would avoid close connections with foreign powers, and, above all, with Holland.

But the country gentlemen and country clergymen were fated to be deceived, not for the last time. The prejudices and passions which raged without control in vicarages, in cathedral closes, and in the manor-houses of fox-hunting squires, were not shared by the chiefs of the ministry. Those statesmen saw that it was both for the public interest and for their own interest to adopt a Whig policy, at least as respected the alliances of the country and the conduct of the war. But if the foreign policy of the Whigs were adopted, it was impossible to abstain from adopting also their financial policy. The natural consequences followed. The rigid Tories were alienated from the government. The votes of the Whigs became necessary to it. The votes of the Whigs could be secured only by further concessions; and further concessions the Queen was induced to make.

At the beginning of the year 1704, the state of parties bore a close analogy to the state of parties in 1826. In 1826, as in 1704, there was a Tory ministry divided into two hostile sections. The position of Mr. Canning and his friends in 1826 corresponded to that which Marlborough and Godolphin occupied in 1704. Nottingham and Jersey were in 1704 what Lord Eldon and Lord Westmoreland were in 1826. The Whigs of 1704 were in a situation resembling that in which the Whigs of 1826 stood. In 1704, Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, Cowper, were not in office. There was no avowed coalition between them and the moderate Tories. It is probable that no direct communication tending to such a coalition had yet taken place; yet all men saw that such a coalition was inevitable, — nay, that it was already half formed. Such, or nearly such, was the state of things when tidings arrived of the great battle fought at Blenheim on the 13th August, 1704. By the Whigs the news was hailed with transports of joy and pride. No fault, no cause of quarrel, could be remembered by them against the commander whose genius had, in one day, changed the face of Europe, saved the Imperial throne, humbled the House of Bourbon, and secured the Act of Settlement against foreign hostility. The feeling of the Tories was very different. They could not, indeed, without imprudence, openly express regret at an event so glorious to their country; but their congratulations were so cold and sullen as to give deep disgust to the victorious general and his friends.

Godolphin was not a reading man. Whatever time he could spare from business he was in the habit of spending at Newmarket or at the card table. But he was not absolutely indifferent to poetry; and he was too intelligent an observer not to perceive that literature was a

formidable engine of political warfare, and that the great Whig leaders had strengthened their party and raised their character by extending a liberal and judicious patronage to good writers. He was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honor of the battle of Blenheim. One of those poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines: —

> "Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
> And each man mounted on his capering beast;
> Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals."

Where to procure better verses the Treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan or remit a subsidy; he was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks; but his acquaintance among the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. He had, he said, done his best, when he had power, to encourage men whose abilities and acquirements might do honor to their country. Those times were over. Other maxims had prevailed. Merit was suffered to pine in obscurity; and the public money was squandered on the undeserving. "I do know," he added, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject. But I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and who was under the necessity of paying court to the Whigs, gently replied that there was too much ground for Halifax's complaints, but that what was amiss should in time be rectified, and that in the meantime the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison; but, mindful of the dignity as well as of the pecuniary

interest of his friend, insisted that the minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself; and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pairs of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning which followed the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honorable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton. This high-born minister had been sent by the Lord Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task, — a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished he showed it to Godolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a commissionership worth about two hundred pounds a year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favors.

The 'Campaign' came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the minister. It pleases us less on the whole than the 'Epistle to Halifax.' Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the 'Campaign,' we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson, the manly and rational rejection of fiction. The first great poet whose works have come down to us sang of war long before war became a science or a trade. If, in his time, there was enmity between two little Greek towns, each poured forth its crowd of citizens, ignorant of discipline, and armed with implements of labor rudely turned into weapons. On each side appeared conspicuous a

few chiefs, whose wealth had enabled them to procure good armor, horses, and chariots, and whose leisure had enabled them to practise military exercises. One such chief, if he were a man of great strength, agility, and courage, would probably be more formidable than twenty common men; and the force and dexterity with which he flung his spear might have no inconsiderable share in deciding the event of the day. Such were probably the battles with which Homer was familiar. But Homer related the actions of men of a former generation, — of men who sprang from the gods, and communed with the gods face to face; of men one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable even to lift. He therefore naturally represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. Achilles, clad in celestial armor, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear which none but himself could raise, driving all Troy and Lycia before him, and choking Scamander with dead, was only a magnificent exaggeration of the real hero, who, strong, fearless, accustomed to the use of weapons, guarded by a shield and helmet of the best Sidonian fabric, and whirled along by horses of Thessalonian breed, struck down with his own right arm foe after foe. In all rude societies similar notions are found. There are at this day countries where the Life-guardsman Shaw would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Bonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength and by the skill with which he managed his horse and his saber, could not believe that a man who

was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, could be the greatest soldier in Europe.

Homer's descriptions of war had therefore as much truth as poetry requires. But truth was altogether wanting to the performances of those who, writing about battles which had scarcely anything in common with the battles of his times, servilely imitated his manner. The folly of Silius Italicus, in particular, is positively nauseous. He undertook to record in verse the vicissitudes of a great struggle between generals of the first order; and his narrative is made up of the hideous wounds which these generals inflicted with their own hands. Hasdrubal flings a spear, which grazes the shoulder of the consul Nero; but Nero sends his spear into Hasdrubal's side. Fabius slays Thuris and Butes and Maris and Arses, and the long-haired Adherbes, and the gigantic Thylis, and Sapharus and Monæsus, and the trumpeter Morinus. Hannibal runs Perusinus through the groin with a stake, and breaks the backbone of Telesinus with a huge stone. This detestable fashion was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Philips, the author of the 'Splendid Shilling,' represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence. The following lines may serve as an example: —

> "Churchill, viewing where
> The violence of Tallard most prevailed,
> Came to oppose his slaughtering arm. With speed
> Precipitate he rode, urging his way
> O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds
> Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,

> Attends his furious course. Around his head
> The glowing balls play innocent, while he
> With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
> Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood
> He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
> With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how
> Withstand his wide-destroying sword?"

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great, — energy, sagacity, military science. But above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed everything with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an angel guiding the whirlwind. We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis: —

> "Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia passed."

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of the storm. The great tempest of November, 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equaled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One prelate had been buried beneath

the ruins of his palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees and the ruins of houses still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

Soon after the 'Campaign,' was published Addison's narrative of his travels in Italy. The first effect produced by this narrative was disappointment. The crowd of readers who expected politics and scandal, speculations on the projects of Victor Amadeus, and anecdotes about the jollities of convents and the amours of cardinals and nuns, were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians than by the war between France and Austria; and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina. In time, however, the judgment of the many was overruled by that of the few; and before the book was reprinted, it was so eagerly sought that it sold for five times the original price. It is still read with pleasure; the style is pure and flowing; the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy; and we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humor in which Addison excelled all men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a literary tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission. We have already said that, though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add that it contains little, or

rather no, information respecting the history and literature of modern Italy. To the best of our remembrance, Addison does not mention Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Boiardo, Berni, Lorenzo de' Medici, or Machiavelli. He coldly tells us that at Ferrara he saw the tomb of Ariosto, and that at Venice he heard the gondoliers sing verses of Tasso. But for Tasso and Ariosto he cared far less than for Valerius Flaccus and Sidonius Apollinaris. The gentle flow of the Ticin brings a line of Silius to his mind. The sulphurous steam of Albula suggests to him several passages of Martial. But he has not a word to say of the illustrious dead of Santa Croce; he crosses the wood of Ravenna without recollecting the Specter Huntsman, and wanders up and down Rimini without one thought of Francesca. At Paris he had eagerly sought an introduction to Boileau; but he seems not to have been at all aware that at Florence he was in the vicinity of a poet with whom Boileau could not sustain a comparison, — of the greatest lyric poet of modern times, Vincenzio Filicaja. This is the more remarkable because Filicaja was the favorite poet of the accomplished Somers, under whose protection Addison traveled, and to whom the account of the travels is dedicated. The truth is, that Addison knew little, and cared less, about the literature of modern Italy. His favorite models were Latin. His favorite critics were French. Half the Tuscan poetry that he had read seemed to him monstrous, and the other half tawdry.

His 'Travels' were followed by the lively opera of 'Rosamond.' This piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage; but it completely succeeded in print, and is indeed excellent in its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, are, to our ears at least, very pleasing. We

are inclined to think that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse to Rowe, and had employed himself in writing airy and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, 'Rosamond' was set to new music by Doctor Arne, and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England.

While Addison thus amused himself, his prospects, and the prospects of his party, were constantly becoming brighter and brighter. In the spring of 1705 the ministers were freed from the restraint imposed by a House of Commons in which Tories of the most perverse class had the ascendency. The elections were favorable to the Whigs. The coalition which had been tacitly and gradually formed was now openly avowed. The Great Seal was given to Cowper. Somers and Halifax were sworn of the Council. Halifax was sent in the following year to carry the decorations of the Order of the Garter to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and was accompanied on his honorable mission by Addison, who had just been made Undersecretary of State. The Secretary of State under whom Addison first served was Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory. But Hedges was soon dismissed to make room for the most vehement of Whigs, Charles, Earl of Sunderland. In every department of the State, indeed, the High Churchmen were compelled to give place to their opponents. At the close of 1707 the Tories who still remained in office strove to rally, with Harley at their head. But the attempt, though favored by the Queen, who had always been a Tory at heart, and who had now quarreled with the Duchess of Marlborough, was unsuccessful.

The time was not yet. The Captain-General was at the height of popularity and glory. The Low Church party had a majority in Parliament. The country squires and rectors, though occasionally uttering a savage growl, were for the most part in a state of torpor, which lasted till they were roused into activity, and indeed into madness, by the prosecution of Sacheverell. Harley and his adherents were compelled to retire. The victory of the Whigs was complete. At the general election of 1708, their strength in the House of Commons became irresistible; and before the end of that year, Somers was made Lord President of the Council, and Wharton Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Addison sat for Malmesbury in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708. But the House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose, but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent. Nobody can think it strange that a great writer should fail as a speaker. But many, probably, will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavorable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it would now be inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively Undersecretary of State, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth and with little property, rose to a post which dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot, Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honor to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post the highest that Chatham or

Fox ever reached. And this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament. We must look for the explanation of this seeming miracle to the peculiar circumstances in which that generation was placed. During the interval which elapsed between the time when the censorship of the press ceased and the time when parliamentary proceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public man, of much more importance, and oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present, the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a fact or an argument is to introduce that fact or argument into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the 'Conduct of the Allies,' or to the best numbers of the *Freeholder*, the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed when compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the legislature. A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on the Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the shorthand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Anne. The best speech could then produce no effect except on those who heard it. It was only by means of the press that the opinion of the public without doors could be influenced; and the opinion of the public without doors could not but be of the highest importance in a country governed by parliaments, and indeed at that time governed by triennial parliaments. The pen was, therefore, a more formidable political engine than the tongue. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox contended only in Parliament. But Walpole and Pulteney, the Pitt and Fox of an earlier period, had not done half of what was necessary when

they sat down amidst the acclamations of the House of Commons. They had still to plead their cause before the country, and this they could only do by means of the press. Their works are now forgotten. But it is certain that there were in Grub Street few more assiduous scribblers of Thoughts, Letters, Answers, Remarks, than these two great chiefs of parties. Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition and possessed of thirty thousand a year, edited the *Craftsman*. Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets, and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties. St. John was certainly, in Anne's reign, the best Tory speaker; Cowper was probably the best Whig speaker. But it may well be doubted whether St. John did so much for the Tories as Swift, and whether Cowper did so much for the Whigs as Addison. When these things are duly considered, it will not be thought strange that Addison should have climbed higher in the State than any other Englishman has ever, by means merely of literary talents, been able to climb. Swift would, in all probability, have climbed as high if he had not been encumbered by his cassock and his pudding sleeves. As far as the homage of the great went, Swift had as much of it as if he had been Lord Treasurer.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful

to his early opinions and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis. It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favorite with the public as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montagu said that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own that there was a charm in Addison's talk which could be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Stella that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite and the most mirthful that could be imagined; that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison

alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation, said that when Addison was at his ease he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were Addison's great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, "assented with civil leer," and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works. The *Tatler's* criticisms on Mr. Softly's sonnet, and the *Spectator's* dialogue with the politician who is so zealous for the honor of Lady Q—p—t—s, are excellent specimens of this innocent mischief.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation. But his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon as he saw an unknown face, his lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table from the time when the play ended till the clock of St. Paul's in Covent Garden struck four. Yet even at such a table he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. "There is no such thing," he used to say, "as real conversation, but between two persons."

This timidity — a timidity surely neither ungraceful nor unamiable — led Addison into the two most serious faults which can with justice be imputed to him. He found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect, and was therefore too easily seduced into convivial excess. Such excess was in that age regarded, even by grave men, as the most venial of all peccadilloes, and was so far from being a mark of ill-breeding that it was almost essential to the character of a fine gentleman. But the smallest speck is seen on a white ground; and almost all the biographers of Addison have said something about this failing. Of any other statesman or writer of Queen Anne's reign, we should no more think of saying that he sometimes took too much wine than that he wore a long wig and a sword.

To the excessive modesty of Addison's nature we must ascribe another fault which generally arises from a very different cause. He became a little too fond of seeing himself surrounded by a small circle of admirers, to whom he was as a king, or rather as a god. All these men were far inferior to him in ability, and some of them had very serious faults. Nor did those faults escape his observation; for if ever there was an eye which saw through and through men, it was the eye of Addison. But with the keenest observation, and the finest sense of the ridiculous, he had a large charity. The feeling with which he looked on most of his humble companions was one of benevolence, slightly tinctured with contempt. He was at perfect ease in their company; he was grateful for their devoted attachment; and he loaded them with benefits. Their veneration for him appears to have exceeded that with which Johnson was regarded by Boswell, or Warburton by Hurd. It was not in the power of adulation to turn such a head or deprave such a heart as Addison's.

But it must in candor be admitted that he contracted some of the faults which can scarcely be avoided by any person who is so unfortunate as to be the oracle of a small literary coterie.

One member of this little society was Eustace Budgell, a young Templar of some literature, and a distant relation of Addison. There was at this time no stain on the character of Budgell, and it is not improbable that his career would have been prosperous and honorable if the life of his cousin had been prolonged. But when the master was laid in the grave, the disciple broke loose from all restraint, descended rapidly from one degree of vice and misery to another, ruined his fortune by follies, attempted to repair it by crimes, and at length closed a wicked and unhappy life by self-murder. Yet, to the last, the wretched man, gambler, lampooner, cheat, forger as he was, retained his affection and veneration for Addison, and recorded those feelings in the last lines which he traced before he hid himself from infamy under London Bridge.

Another of Addison's favorite companions was Ambrose Philips, a good Whig and a middling poet, who had the honor of bringing into fashion a species of composition which has been called, after his name, Namby-Pamby. But the most remarkable members of the little senate, as Pope long afterwards called it, were Richard Steele and Thomas Tickell.

Steele had known Addison from childhood. They had been together at the Charterhouse and at Oxford; but circumstances had then, for a time, separated them widely. Steele had left college without taking a degree, had been disinherited by a rich relation, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, had tried to find the philosopher's stone, and had written a religious treatise and several

comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honor; in practice, he was much of the rake, and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so good-natured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he diced himself into a spunging-house, or drank himself into a fever. Addison regarded Steele with kindness not unmingled with scorn; tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes; introduced him to the great; procured a good place for him; corrected his plays; and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August, 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that on one occasion Steele's negligence, or dishonesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by the help of a bailiff. We cannot join with Miss Aikin in rejecting this story. Johnson heard it from Savage, who heard it from Steele. Few private transactions which took place a hundred and twenty years ago are proved by stronger evidence than this. But we can by no means agree with those who condemn Addison's severity. The most amiable of mankind may well be moved to indignation when what he has earned hardly, and lent with great inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of relieving a friend in distress, is squandered with insane profusion. We will illustrate our meaning by an example which is not the less striking because it is taken from fiction. Dr. Harrison, in Fielding's 'Amelia,' is

represented as the most benevolent of human beings ; yet he takes in execution, not only the goods, but the person of his friend Booth. Dr. Harrison resorts to this strong measure because he has been informed that Booth, while pleading poverty as an excuse for not paying just debts, has been buying fine jewelry and setting up a coach. No person who is well acquainted with Steele's life and correspondence can doubt that he behaved quite as ill to Addison as Booth was accused of behaving to Dr. Harrison. The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this : A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, and promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the Twelve Cæsars ; to put off buying the new edition of Bayle's Dictionary ; and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The fiddles are playing. The table is groaning under champagne, burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused should send sheriff's officers to reclaim what is due to him ?

Tickell was a young man, fresh from Oxford, who had introduced himself to public notice by writing a most ingenious and graceful little poem in praise of the opera of 'Rosamond.' He deserved, and at length attained, the first place in Addison's friendship. For a time Steele and Tickell were on good terms. But they loved Addison too much to love each other, and at length became as bitter enemies as the rival bulls in Virgil.

At the close of 1708 Wharton became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and appointed Addison Chief Secretary. Addison was consequently under the necessity of quitting London for Dublin. Besides the chief-secretaryship, which was then worth about two thousand pounds a year, he obtained a patent appointing him Keeper of the Irish Records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a year. Budgell accompanied his cousin in the capacity of private secretary.

Wharton and Addison had nothing in common but Whiggism. The Lord Lieutenant was not only licentious and corrupt, but was distinguished from other libertines and jobbers by a callous impudence which presented the strongest contrast to the Secretary's gentleness and delicacy. Many parts of the Irish administration at this time appear to have deserved serious blame. But against Addison there was not a murmur. He long afterwards asserted, what all the evidence which we have ever seen tends to prove, that his diligence and integrity gained the friendship of all the most considerable persons in Ireland.

The parliamentary career of Addison in Ireland has, we think, wholly escaped the notice of all his biographers. He was elected member for the borough of Cavan in the summer of 1709; and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently occurs. Some of the entries appear to indicate that he so far overcame his timidity as to make speeches. Nor is this by any means improbable; for the Irish House of Commons was a far less formidable audience than the English House; and many tongues which were tied by fear in the greater assembly became fluent in the smaller. Gerard Hamilton, for example, who, from fear of losing the fame gained by his single speech, sat mute at Westminster during forty years, spoke with great effect at Dublin when he was secretary to Lord Halifax.

While Addison was in Ireland an event occurred to which he owes his high and permanent rank among British writers. As yet his fame rested on performances which, though highly respectable, were not built for duration, and which would, if he had produced nothing else, have now been almost forgotten — on some excellent Latin verses, on some English verses which occasionally rose above mediocrity, and on a book of travels, agreeably written, but not indicating any extraordinary powers of mind. These works showed him to be a man of taste, sense, and learning. The time had come when he was to prove himself a man of genius, and to enrich our literature with compositions which will live as long as the English language.

In the spring of 1709 Steele formed a literary project of which he was far indeed from foreseeing the consequences. Periodical papers had during many years been published in London. Most of these were political; but in some of them questions of morality, taste, and love-casuistry had been discussed. The literary merit of these works was small indeed; and even their names are now known only to the curious.

Steele had been appointed Gazetteer by Sunderland, at the request, it is said, of Addison, and thus had access to foreign intelligence earlier and more authentic than was in those times within the reach of an ordinary news-writer. This circumstance seems to have suggested to him the scheme of publishing a periodical paper on a new plan. It was to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It was to contain the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fash-

ionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this. He was not ill qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect; and though his wit and humor were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavor, are yet a pleasant small drink, if not kept too long or carried too far.

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was an imaginary person, almost as well known in that age as Mr. Paul Pry or Mr. Samuel Pickwick in ours. Swift had assumed the name of Bickerstaff in a satirical pamphlet against Partridge, the maker of almanacs. Partridge had been fool enough to publish a furious reply. Bickerstaff had rejoined in a second pamphlet still more diverting than the first. All the wits had combined to keep up the joke, and the town was long in convulsions of laughter. Steele determined to employ the name which this controversy had made popular; and in April, 1709, it was announced that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was about to publish a paper called the *Tatler*.

Addison had not been consulted about this scheme; but as soon as he heard of it he determined to give his assistance. The effect of that assistance cannot be better described than in Steele's own words. "I fared," he said,

"like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." "The paper," he says elsewhere, "was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it."

It is probable that Addison, when he sent across St. George's Channel his first contributions to the *Tatler*, had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers. He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures, and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold.

The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. But this was the smallest part of Addison's praise. Had he clothed his thoughts in the half French style of Horace Walpole, or in the half Latin style of Dr. Johnson, or in the half German jargon of the present day, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner. As a moral satirist he stands unrivaled. If ever the best *Tatlers* and *Spectators* were equaled in their own kind, we should be inclined to guess that it must have been by the lost comedies of Menander.

In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller; and we would undertake to collect from the *Spectators* as great a number of ingenious illustrations

as can be found in 'Hudibras.' The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet — a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find anything more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or to Cervantes.

But what shall we say of Addison's humor — of his sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm; we give ourselves up to it; but we strive in vain to analyze it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule during the eighteenth century were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme.

Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes the sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift

is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inwardly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own — a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The letter of the Abbé Coyer to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time, on the Academicians of Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's satirical works which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their model, though several have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none have been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the *World*, in the *Connoisseur*, in the *Mirror*, in the *Lounger*, there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his *Tatlers* and

Spectators. Most of these papers have some merit; many are very lively and amusing; but there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see anything but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistophiles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison — a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has

blackened no man's character; nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men not superior to him in genius wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement, in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Of the service which his essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. It is true that, when the *Tatler* appeared, that age of outrageous profaneness and licentiousness which followed the Restoration had passed away. Jeremy Collier had shamed the theaters into something which, compared with the excesses of Etherege and Wycherley, might be called decency. Yet there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connection between genius and profligacy, between the domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error it is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humor richer than the humor of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.

In the early contributions of Addison to the *Tatler*, his peculiar powers were not fully exhibited. Yet from the first his superiority to all his coadjutors was evident. Some of his later *Tatlers* are fully equal to anything that he ever wrote. Among the portraits, we most admire Tom Folio, Ned Softly, and the Political Upholsterer. The proceedings of the Court of Honor, the Thermometer of Zeal, the story of the Frozen Words, the Memoirs of the Shilling, are excellent specimens of that ingenious and lively species of fiction in which Addison excelled all men. There is one still better paper of the same class. But though that paper, a hundred and thirty-three years ago, was probably thought as edifying as one of Smalridge's sermons, we dare not indicate it to the squeamish readers of the nineteenth century.

During the session of Parliament which commenced in November, 1709, and which the impeachment of Sacheverell has made memorable, Addison appears to have resided in London. The *Tatler* was now more popular than any periodical paper had ever been; and his connection with it was generally known. It was not known, however, that almost everything good in the *Tatler* was his. The truth is, that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to him were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share.

He required, at this time, all the solace which he could derive from literary success. The Queen had always disliked the Whigs. She had during some years disliked the Marlborough family. But, reigning by a disputed title, she could not venture directly to oppose herself to a majority of both Houses of Parliament; and, engaged as she was in a war on the event of which her own crown was staked, she could not venture to disgrace a great and

successful general. But at length, in the year 1710, the cause which had restrained her from showing her aversion to the Low Church party ceased to operate. The trial of Sacheverell produced an outbreak of public feeling scarcely less violent than the outbreaks which we can ourselves remember in 1820 and in 1831. The country gentlemen, the country clergymen, the rabble of the towns, were all, for once, on the same side. It was clear that, if a general election took place before the excitement abated, the Tories would have a majority. The services of Marlborough had been so splendid that they were no longer necessary. The Queen's throne was secure from all attack on the part of Louis. Indeed, it seemed much more likely that the English and German armies would divide the spoils of Versailles and Marli than that a Marshal of France would bring back the Pretender to St. James's. The Queen, acting by the advice of Harley, determined to dismiss her servants. In June the change commenced. Sunderland was the first who fell. The Tories exulted over his fall. The Whigs tried, during a few weeks, to persuade themselves that her Majesty had acted only from personal dislike to the Secretary, and that she meditated no further alteration. But early in August Godolphin was surprised by a letter from Anne, which directed him to break his white staff. Even after this event, the irresolution or dissimulation of Harley kept up the hopes of the Whigs during another month ; and then the ruin became rapid and violent. The Parliament was dissolved. The ministers were turned out. The Tories were called to office. The tide of popularity ran violently in favor of the High Church party. That party, feeble in the late House of Commons, was now irresistible. The power which the Tories had thus suddenly acquired they used with blind and stupid ferocity. The howl which the

whole pack set up for prey and for blood appalled even him who had roused and unchained them. When, at this distance of time, we calmly review the conduct of the discarded ministers, we cannot but feel a movement of indignation at the injustice with which they were treated. No body of men had ever administered the government with more energy, ability, and moderation; and their success had been proportioned to their wisdom. They had saved Holland and Germany. They had humbled France. They had, as it seemed, all but torn Spain from the House of Bourbon. They had made England the first power in Europe. At home they had united England and Scotland. They had respected the rights of conscience and the liberty of the subject. They retired, leaving their country at the height of prosperity and glory. And yet they were pursued to their retreat by such a roar of obloquy as was never raised against the government which threw away thirteen colonies, or against the government which sent a gallant army to perish in the ditches of Walcheren.

None of the Whigs suffered more in the general wreck than Addison. He had just sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, of the nature of which we are imperfectly informed, when his secretaryship was taken from him. He had reason to believe that he should also be deprived of the small Irish office which he held by patent. He had just resigned his fellowship. It seems probable that he had already ventured to raise his eyes to a great lady, and that, while his political friends were in power, and while his own fortunes were rising, he had been, in the phrase of the romances which were then fashionable, permitted to hope. But Mr. Addison the ingenious writer and Mr. Addison the Chief Secretary were, in her ladyship's opinion, two very different persons. All these

calamities united, however, could not disturb the serene cheerfulness of a mind conscious of innocence, and rich in its own wealth. He told his friends, with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy; that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his fellowship, and his mistress, that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever.

He had one consolation. Of the unpopularity which his friends had incurred, he had no share. Such was the esteem with which he was regarded that, while the most violent measures were taken for the purpose of forcing Tory members on Whig corporations, he was returned to Parliament without even a contest. Swift, who was now in London, and who had already determined on quitting the Whigs, wrote to Stella in these remarkable words: "The Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be king, he would hardly be refused."

The good will with which the Tories regarded Addison is the more honorable to him because it had not been purchased by any concession on his part. During the general election he published a political journal, entitled the *Whig Examiner*. Of that journal it may be sufficient to say that Johnson, in spite of his strong political prejudices, pronounced it to be superior in wit to any of Swift's writings on the other side. When it ceased to appear, Swift, in a letter to Stella, expressed his exultation at the death of so formidable an antagonist. "He might well rejoice," says Johnson, "at the death of that which he could not have killed." "On no occasion," he adds, "was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear."

The only use which Addison appears to have made of the favor with which he was regarded by the Tories was to save some of his friends from the general ruin of the Whig party. He felt himself to be in a situation which made it his duty to take a decided part in politics. But the case of Steele and of Ambrose Philips was different. For Philips, Addison even condescended to solicit; with what success we have not ascertained. Steele held two places. He was Gazetteer, and he was also a Commissioner of Stamps. The Gazette was taken from him. But he was suffered to retain his place in the Stamp Office, on an implied understanding that he should not be active against the new government; and he was, during more than two years, induced by Addison to observe this armistice with tolerable fidelity.

Isaac Bickerstaff accordingly became silent upon politics, and the article of news, which had once formed about one-third of his paper, altogether disappeared. The *Tatler* had completely changed its character. It was now nothing but a series of essays on books, morals, and manners. Steele therefore resolved to bring it to a close, and to commence a new work on an improved plan. It was announced that this new work would be published daily. The undertaking was generally regarded as bold, or rather rash; but the event amply justified the confidence with which Steele relied on the fertility of Addison's genius. On the 2d of January, 1711, appeared the last *Tatler*. At the beginning of March following appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary spectator.

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the

painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has traveled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city; has daily listened to the wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James's. In the morning, he often listens to the hum of the Exchange; in the evening, his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury Lane Theater. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background. But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, colored them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the *Spectator* must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which con-

nects together the Spectator's essays gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was, indeed, constructed with no art or labor. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, and is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theater when the 'Distressed Mother' is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up, and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the Spectator. About three-sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His

invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday, we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's 'Auction of Lives'; on the Tuesday, an Eastern apologue as richly colored as the tales of Scheherezade; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of La Bruyère; on the Thursday, a scene from common life, equal to the best chapters in the 'Vicar of Wakefield'; on the Friday, some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies, — on hoops, patches, or puppet-shows; and on the Saturday, a religious meditation, which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.

It is dangerous to select where there is so much that deserves the highest praise. We will venture, however, to say that any person who wishes to form a just notion of the extent and variety of Addison's powers will do well to read at one sitting the following papers: the two Visits to the Abbey, the Visit to the Exchange, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Vision of Mirza, the Transmigrations of Pug the Monkey, and the Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.

The least valuable of Addison's contributions to the *Spectator* are, in the judgment of our age, his critical papers. Yet his critical papers are always luminous, and often ingenious. The very worst of them must be regarded as creditable to him, when the character of the school in which he had been trained is fairly considered. The best of them were much too good for his readers.

In truth, he was not so far behind our generation as he was before his own. No essays in the *Spectator* were more censured and derided than those in which he raised his voice against the contempt with which our fine old ballads were regarded, and showed the scoffers that the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives luster to the Æneid and the Odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude dross of 'Chevy Chase.'

It is not strange that the success of the *Spectator* should have been such as no similar work has ever obtained. The number of copies daily distributed was at first three thousand. It subsequently increased, and had risen to near four thousand when the stamp tax was imposed. That tax was fatal to a crowd of journals. The *Spectator*, however, stood its ground, doubled its price, and, though its circulation fell off, still yielded a large revenue both to the State and to the authors. For particular papers the demand was immense; of some, it is said, twenty thousand copies were required. But this was not all. To have the *Spectator* served up every morning with the bohea and rolls was a luxury for the few. The majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions were called for. It must be remembered that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shopkeeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country seat did not contain ten books, receipt books and books on farriery included. In these circumstances the sale of the *Spectator* must be considered as indicating a

popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time.

At the close of 1712 the *Spectator* ceased to appear. It was probably felt that the short-faced gentleman and his club had been long enough before the town; and that it was time to withdraw them, and to replace them by a new set of characters. In a few weeks the first number of the *Guardian* was published. But the *Guardian* was unfortunate both in its birth and in its death. It began in dullness, and disappeared in a tempest of faction. The original plan was bad. Addison contributed nothing till sixty-six numbers had appeared; and it was then impossible to make the *Guardian* what the *Spectator* had been. Nestor Ironside and the Miss Lizards were people to whom even he could impart no interest. He could only furnish some excellent little essays, both serious and comic; and this he did.

Why Addison gave no assistance to the *Guardian* during the first two months of its existence, is a question which has puzzled the editors and biographers, but which seems to us to admit of a very easy solution. He was then engaged in bringing his 'Cato' on the stage.

The first four acts of this drama had been lying in his desk since his return from Italy. His modest and sensitive nature shrank from the risk of a public and shameful failure; and though all who saw the manuscript were loud in praise, some thought it possible that an audience might become impatient even of very good rhetoric, and advised Addison to print the play without hazarding a representation. At length, after many fits of apprehension, the poet yielded to the urgency of his political friends, who hoped that the public would discover some analogy between the followers of Cæsar and the Tories,

between Sempronius and the apostate Whigs, between Cato, struggling to the last for the liberties of Rome, and the band of patriots who still stood firm round Halifax and Wharton.

Addison gave the play to the managers of Drury Lane Theater, without stipulating for any advantage to himself. They therefore thought themselves bound to spare no cost in scenery and dresses. The decorations, it is true, would not have pleased the skillful eye of Mr. Macready. Juba's waistcoat blazed with gold lace; Marcia's hoop was worthy of a duchess on the birthday; and Cato wore a wig worth fifty guineas. The prologue was written by Pope, and is undoubtedly a dignified and spirited composition. The part of the hero was excellently played by Booth. Steele undertook to pack a house. The boxes were in a blaze with the stars of the Peers in Opposition. The pit was crowded with attentive and friendly listeners from the Inns of Court and the literary coffee-houses. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Governor of the Bank of England, was at the head of a powerful body of auxiliaries from the City, warm men and true Whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garraway's than in the haunts of wits and critics.

These precautions were quite superfluous. The Tories, as a body, regarded Addison with no unkind feelings. Nor was it for their interest, professing, as they did, profound reverence for law and prescription, and abhorrence both of popular insurrections and of standing armies, to appropriate to themselves reflections thrown on the great military chief and demagogue who, with the support of the legions and of the common people, subverted all the ancient institutions of his country. Accordingly, every shout that was raised by the members of the Kit-Cat was echoed by the High Churchmen of the October; and

the curtain at length fell amidst thunders of unanimous applause.

The delight and admiration of the town were described by the *Guardian* in terms which we might attribute to partiality, were it not that the *Examiner*, the organ of the ministry, held similar language. The Tories, indeed, found much to sneer at in the conduct of their opponents. Steele had on this, as on other occasions, shown more zeal than taste or judgment. The honest citizens who marched under the orders of Sir Gibby, as he was facetiously called, probably knew better when to buy and when to sell stock than when to clap and when to hiss at a play, and incurred some ridicule by making the hypocritical Sempronius their favorite, and by giving to his insincere rants louder plaudits than they bestowed on the temperate eloquence of Cato. Wharton, too, who had the incredible effrontery to applaud the lines about flying from prosperous vice and from the power of impious men to a private station, did not escape the sarcasms of those who justly thought that he could fly from nothing more vicious or impious than himself. The epilogue, which was written by Garth, a zealous Whig, was severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place. But Addison was described, even by the bitterest Tory writers, as a gentleman of wit and virtue, in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factious squabbles.

Of the jests by which the triumph of the Whig party was disturbed, the most severe and happy was Bolingbroke's. Between two acts he sent for Booth to his box, and presented him, before the whole theater, with a purse of fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator. This was a pungent allu-

sion to the attempt which Marlborough had made, not long before his fall, to obtain a patent creating him Captain-General for life.

It was April; and in April a hundred and thirty years ago the London season was thought to be far advanced. During a whole month, however, 'Cato' was performed to overflowing houses, and brought into the treasury of the theater twice the gains of an ordinary spring. In the summer the Drury Lane Company went down to act at Oxford, and there, before an audience which retained an affectionate remembrance of Addison's accomplishments and virtues, his tragedy was acted during several days. The gownsmen began to besiege the theater in the forenoon, and by one in the afternoon all the seats were filled.

About the merits of the piece which had so extraordinary an effect, the public, we suppose, has made up its mind. To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation, and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high; not indeed with 'Athalie' or 'Saul'; but, we think, not below 'Cinna,' and certainly above any other English tragedy of the same school; above many of the plays of Corneille; above many of the plays of Voltaire and Alfieri; and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that 'Cato' did as much as the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Freeholders* united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries.

The modesty and good nature of the successful dramatist had tamed even the malignity of faction. But literary envy, it should seem, is a fiercer passion than

party spirit. It was by a zealous Whig that the fiercest attack on the Whig tragedy was made. John Dennis published 'Remarks on Cato,' which were written with some acuteness and with much coarseness and asperity. Addison neither defended himself nor retaliated. On many points he had an excellent defense, and nothing would have been easier than to retaliate; for Dennis had written bad odes, bad tragedies, bad comedies; he had, moreover, a larger share than most men of those infirmities and eccentricities which excite laughter; and Addison's power of turning either an absurd book or an absurd man into ridicule was unrivaled. Addison, however, serenely conscious of his superiority, looked with pity on his assailant, whose temper, naturally irritable and gloomy, had been soured by want, by controversy, and by literary failures.

But among the young candidates for Addison's favor there was one distinguished by talents from the rest, and distinguished, we fear, not less by malignity and insincerity. Pope was only twenty-five. But his powers had expanded to their full maturity; and his best poem, the 'Rape of the Lock,' had recently been published. Of his genius Addison had always expressed high admiration. But Addison had early discerned, what might, indeed, have been discerned by an eye less penetrating than his, that the diminutive, crooked, sickly boy was eager to revenge himself on society for the unkindness of nature. In the *Spectator* the 'Essay on Criticism' had been praised with cordial warmth; but a gentle hint had been added that the writer of so excellent a poem would have done well to avoid ill-natured personalities. Pope, though evidently more galled by the censure than gratified by the praise, returned thanks for the admonition, and promised to profit by it. The two writers continued

to exchange civilities, counsel, and small good offices. Addison publicly extolled Pope's miscellaneous pieces, and Pope furnished Addison with a prologue. This did not last long. Pope hated Dennis, whom he had injured without provocation. The appearance of the 'Remarks on Cato' gave the irritable poet an opportunity of venting his malice under the show of friendship; and such an opportunity could not but be welcome to a nature which was implacable in enmity, and which always preferred the tortuous to the straight path. He published, accordingly, the 'Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.' But Pope had mistaken his powers. He was a great master of invective and sarcasm; he could dissect a character in terse and sonorous couplets, brilliant with antithesis; but of dramatic talent he was altogether destitute. If he had written a lampoon on Dennis, such as that on Atticus or that on Sporus, the old grumbler would have been crushed. But Pope writing dialogue resembled — to borrow Horace's imagery and his own — a wolf which, instead of biting, should take to kicking, or a monkey which should try to sting. The Narrative is utterly contemptible. Of argument there is not even the show; and the jests are such as, if they were introduced into a farce, would call forth the hisses of the shilling gallery. Dennis raves about the drama, and the nurse thinks that he is calling for a dram. "There is," he cries, "no peripetia in the tragedy, no change of fortune, no change at all." — "Pray, good sir, be not angry," says the old woman; "I 'll fetch change." This is not exactly the pleasantry of Addison.

There can be no doubt that Addison saw through this officious zeal, and felt himself deeply aggrieved by it. So foolish and spiteful a pamphlet could do him no good, and, if he were thought to have any hand in it, must do him harm. Gifted with incomparable powers of ridicule,

he had never, even in self-defense, used those powers inhumanly or uncourteously; and he was not disposed to let others make his fame and his interests a pretext under which they might commit outrages from which he had himself constantly abstained. He accordingly declared that he had no concern in the Narrative, that he disapproved of it, and that if he answered the Remarks, he would answer them like a gentleman; and he took care to communicate this to Dennis. Pope was bitterly mortified; and to this transaction we are inclined to ascribe the hatred with which he ever after regarded Addison.

In September, 1713, the *Guardian* ceased to appear. Steele had gone mad about politics. A general election had just taken place; he had been chosen member for Stockbridge, and he fully expected to play a first part in Parliament. The immense success of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* had turned his head. He had been the editor of both those papers, and was not aware how entirely they owed their influence and popularity to the genius of his friend. His spirits, always violent, were now excited by vanity, ambition, and faction to such a pitch that he every day committed some offense against good sense and good taste. All the discreet and moderate members of his own party regretted and condemned his folly. "I am in a thousand troubles," Addison wrote, "about poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself. But he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular will have no weight with him."

Steele set up a political paper called the *Englishman*, which, as it was not supported by contributions from Addison, completely failed. By this work, by some other writings of the same kind, and by the airs which he gave himself at the first meeting of the new Parliament, he

made the Tories so angry that they determined to expel him. The Whigs stood by him gallantly, but were unable to save him. The vote of expulsion was regarded by all dispassionate men as a tyrannical exercise of the power of the majority. But Steele's violence and folly, though they by no means justified the steps which his enemies took, had completely disgusted his friends; nor did he ever regain the place which he had held in the public estimation.

Addison about this time conceived the design of adding an eighth volume to the *Spectator*. In June, 1714, the first number of the new series appeared, and during about six months three papers were published weekly. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the *Englishman* and the eighth volume of the *Spectator*, — between Steele without Addison and Addison without Steele. The *Englishman* is forgotten; the eighth volume of the *Spectator* contains perhaps the finest essays, both serious and playful, in the English language.

Before this volume was completed, the death of Anne produced an entire change in the administration of public affairs. The blow fell suddenly. It found the Tory party distracted by internal feuds, and unprepared for any great effort. Harley had just been disgraced. Bolingbroke, it was supposed, would be the chief minister. But the Queen was on her deathbed before the white staff had been given, and her last public act was to deliver it with a feeble hand to the Duke of Shrewsbury. The emergency produced a coalition between all sections of public men who were attached to the Protestant succession. George the First was proclaimed without opposition. A council, in which the leading Whigs had seats, took the direction of affairs till the new King should arrive. The first act of the Lords Justices was to appoint Addison their Secretary.

There is an idle tradition that he was directed to prepare a letter to the King, that he could not satisfy himself as to the style of this composition, and that the Lords Justices called in a clerk, who at once did what was wanted. It is not strange that a story so flattering to mediocrity should be popular; and we are sorry to deprive dunces of their consolation. But the truth must be told. It was well observed by Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge of these times was unequaled, that Addison never, in any official document, affected wit or eloquence, and that his despatches are, without exception, remarkable for unpretending simplicity. Everybody who knows with what ease Addison's finest essays were produced must be convinced that, if well-turned phrases had been wanted, he would have had no difficulty in finding them. We are, however, inclined to believe that the story is not absolutely without a foundation. It may well be that Addison did not know, till he had consulted experienced clerks who remembered the times when William the Third was absent on the Continent, in what form a letter from the Council of Regency to the King ought to be drawn. We think it very likely that the ablest statesmen of our time — Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, for example — would, in similar circumstances, be found quite as ignorant. Every office has some little mysteries which the dullest man may learn with a little attention, and which the greatest man cannot possibly know by intuition. One paper must be signed by the chief of the department; another by his deputy; to a third the royal sign-manual is necessary. One communication is to be registered, and another is not. One sentence must be in black ink, and another in red ink. If the ablest Secretary for Ireland were moved to the India Board, if the ablest President of the India Board

were moved to the War Office, he would require instruction on points like these; and we do not doubt that Addison required such instruction when he became, for the first time, Secretary to the Lords Justices.

George the First took possession of his kingdom without opposition. A new ministry was formed, and a new Parliament favorable to the Whigs chosen. Sunderland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and Addison again went to Dublin as Chief Secretary.

At Dublin Swift resided; and there was much speculation about the way in which the Dean and the Secretary would behave towards each other. The relations which existed between these remarkable men form an interesting and pleasing portion of literary history. They had early attached themselves to the same political party and to the same patrons. While Anne's Whig ministry was in power, the visits of Swift to London and the official residence of Addison in Ireland had given them opportunities of knowing each other. They were the two shrewdest observers of their age. But their observations on each other had led them to favorable conclusions. Swift did full justice to the rare powers of conversation which were latent under the bashful deportment of Addison. Addison, on the other hand, discerned much good nature under the severe look and manner of Swift; and, indeed, the Swift of 1708 and the Swift of 1738 were two very different men.

But the paths of the two friends diverged widely. The Whig statesmen loaded Addison with solid benefits. They praised Swift, asked him to dinner, and did nothing more for him. His profession laid them under a difficulty. In the State they could not promote him; and they had reason to fear that, by bestowing preferment in the Church on the author of the 'Tale of a Tub,' they might give

scandal to the public, which had no high opinion of their orthodoxy. He did not make fair allowance for the difficulties which prevented Halifax and Somers from serving him, thought himself an ill-used man, sacrificed honor and consistency to revenge, joined the Tories, and became their most formidable champion. He soon found, however, that his old friends were less to blame than he had supposed. The dislike with which the Queen and the heads of the Church regarded him was insurmountable; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained an ecclesiastical dignity of no great value, on condition of fixing his residence in a country which he detested.

Difference of political opinion had produced, not indeed a quarrel, but a coolness between Swift and Addison. They at length ceased altogether to see each other. Yet there was between them a tacit compact like that between the hereditary guests in the Iliad: —

> Ἔγχεα δ' ἀλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δι' ὀμίλου·
> Πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,
> Κτείνειν, ὅν κε θεός γε πόρῃ καὶ ποσσὶ κιχείω,
> Πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐναιρέμεν, ὅν κε δύνηαι.

It is not strange that Addison, who calumniated and insulted nobody, should not have calumniated or insulted Swift. But it is remarkable that Swift, to whom neither genius nor virtue was sacred, and who generally seemed to find, like most other renegades, a peculiar pleasure in attacking old friends, should have shown so much respect and tenderness to Addison.

Fortune had now changed. The accession of the House of Hanover had secured in England the liberties of the people, and in Ireland the dominion of the Protestant caste. To that caste Swift was more odious than any other man. He was hooted and even pelted in the

streets of Dublin; and could not venture to ride along the strand for his health without the attendance of armed servants. Many whom he had formerly served now libeled and insulted him. At this time Addison arrived. He had been advised not to show the smallest civility to the Dean of St. Patrick's. He had answered, with admirable spirit, that it might be necessary for men whose fidelity to their party was suspected to hold no intercourse with political opponents; but that one who had been a steady Whig in the worst times might venture, when the good cause was triumphant, to shake hands with an old friend who was one of the vanquished Tories. His kindness was soothing to the proud and cruelly wounded spirit of Swift; and the two great satirists resumed their habits of friendly intercourse.

Those associates of Addison whose political opinions agreed with his shared his good fortune. He took Tickell with him to Ireland. He procured for Budgell a lucrative place in the same kingdom. Ambrose Philips was provided for in England. Steele had injured himself so much by his eccentricity and perverseness that he obtained but a very small part of what he thought his due. He was, however, knighted; he had a place in the household; and he subsequently received other marks of favor from the court.

Addison did not remain long in Ireland. In 1715 he quitted his secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade. In the same year his comedy of the 'Drummer' was brought on the stage. The name of the author was not announced; the piece was coldly received; and some critics have expressed a doubt whether it were really Addison's. To us the evidence, both external and internal, seems decisive. It is not in Addison's best manner; but it contains numerous passages which no other writer known

to us could have produced. It was again performed after Addison's death, and, being known to be his, was loudly applauded.

Towards the close of the year 1715, while the rebellion was still raging in Scotland, Addison published the first number of a paper called the *Freeholder*. Among his political works the *Freeholder* is entitled to the first place. Even in the *Spectator* there are few serious papers nobler than the character of his friend Lord Somers, and certainly no satirical papers superior to those in which the Tory fox-hunter is introduced. This character is the original of Squire Western, and is drawn with all Fielding's force, and with a delicacy of which Fielding was altogether destitute. As none of Addison's works exhibit stronger marks of his genius than the *Freeholder*, so none does more honor to his moral character. It is difficult to extol too highly the candor and humanity of a political writer whom even the excitement of civil war cannot hurry into unseemly violence. Oxford, it is well known, was then the stronghold of Toryism. The High Street had been repeatedly lined with bayonets in order to keep down the disaffected gownsmen ; and traitors pursued by the messengers of the government had been concealed in the garrets of several colleges. Yet the admonition which, even under such circumstances, Addison addressed to the university, is singularly gentle, respectful, and even affectionate. Indeed, he could not find it in his heart to deal harshly even with imaginary persons. His fox-hunter, though ignorant, stupid, and violent, is at heart a good fellow, and is at last reclaimed by the clemency of the King. Steele was dissatisfied with his friend's moderation, and, though he acknowledged that the *Freeholder* was excellently written, complained that the ministry played on a lute when it was necessary to blow the

trumpet. He accordingly determined to execute a flourish after his own fashion, and tried to rouse the public spirit of the nation by means of a paper called the *Town Talk*, which is now as utterly forgotten as his *Englishman*, as his 'Crisis,' as his 'Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge,' as his *Reader*, — in short, as everything that he wrote without the help of Addison.

In the same year in which the 'Drummer' was acted, and in which the first numbers of the *Freeholder* appeared, the estrangement of Pope and Addison became complete. Addison had from the first seen that Pope was false and malevolent. Pope had discovered that Addison was jealous. The discovery was made in a strange manner. Pope had written the 'Rape of the Lock,' in two cantos, without supernatural machinery. These two cantos had been loudly applauded, and by none more loudly than by Addison. Then Pope thought of the Sylphs and Gnomes, — Ariel, Momentilla, Crispissa, and Umbriel, — and resolved to interweave the Rosicrucian mythology with the original fabric. He asked Addison's advice. Addison said that the poem as it stood was a delicious little thing, and entreated Pope not to run the risk of marring what was so excellent in trying to mend it. Pope afterwards declared that this insidious counsel first opened his eyes to the baseness of him who gave it.

Now there can be no doubt that Pope's plan was most ingenious, and that he afterwards executed it with great skill and success. But does it necessarily follow that Addison's advice was bad? And if Addison's advice was bad, does it necessarily follow that it was given from bad motives? If a friend were to ask us whether we would advise him to risk his all in a lottery of which the chances were ten to one against him, we should do our best to dissuade him from running such a risk. Even if he were

so lucky as to get the thirty thousand pound prize, we should not admit that we had counseled him ill; and we should certainly think it the height of injustice in him to accuse us of having been actuated by malice. We think Addison's advice good advice. It rested on a sound principle, the result of long and wide experience. The general rule undoubtedly is that, when a successful work of imagination has been produced, it should not be recast. We cannot at this moment call to mind a single instance in which this rule has been transgressed with happy effect, except the instance of the 'Rape of the Lock.' Tasso recast his 'Jerusalem.' Akenside recast his 'Pleasures of the Imagination' and his 'Epistle to Curio.' Pope himself, emboldened no doubt by the success with which he had expanded and remodeled the 'Rape of the Lock,' made the same experiment on the 'Dunciad.' All these attempts failed. Who was to foresee that Pope would, once in his life, be able to do what he could not himself do twice, and what nobody else has ever done?

Addison's advice was good. But had it been bad, why should we pronounce it dishonest? Scott tells us that one of his best friends predicted the failure of Waverley. Herder adjured Goethe not to take so unpromising a subject as Faust. Hume tried to dissuade Robertson from writing the 'History of Charles the Fifth.' Nay, Pope himself was one of those who prophesied that 'Cato' would never succeed on the stage, and advised Addison to print it without risking a representation. But Scott, Goethe, Robertson, Addison had the good sense and generosity to give their advisers credit for the best intentions. Pope's heart was not of the same kind with theirs.

In 1715, while he was engaged in translating the Iliad, he met Addison at a coffee-house. Philips and Budgell

were there; but their sovereign got rid of them, and asked Pope to dine with him alone. After dinner, Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he wished to explain. "Tickell," he said, "translated some time ago the first book of the Iliad. I have promised to look it over and correct it. I cannot, therefore, ask to see yours; for that would be double-dealing." Pope made a civil reply, and begged that his second book might have the advantage of Addison's revision. Addison readily agreed, looked over the second book, and sent it back with warm commendations.

Tickell's version of the first book appeared soon after this conversation. In the preface, all rivalry was earnestly disclaimed. Tickell declared that he should not go on with the Iliad. That enterprise he should leave to powers which he admitted to be superior to his own. His only view, he said, in publishing this specimen was to bespeak the favor of the public to a translation of the Odyssey, in which he had made some progress.

Addison, and Addison's devoted followers, pronounced both the versions good, but maintained that Tickell's had more of the original. The town gave a decided preference to Pope's. We do not think it worth while to settle such a question of precedence. Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the Iliad, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own, Peter Quince exclaims, "Bless thee! Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated." In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, "Bless thee, Homer! thou art translated indeed."

Our readers will, we hope, agree with us in thinking that no man in Addison's situation could have acted

more fairly and kindly, both towards Pope and towards Tickell, than he appears to have done. But an odious suspicion had sprung up in the mind of Pope. He fancied, and he soon firmly believed, that there was a deep conspiracy against his fame and his fortunes. The work on which he had staked his reputation was to be depreciated. The subscription on which rested his hopes of a competence was to be defeated. With this view Addison had made a rival translation; Tickell had consented to father it; and the wits of Button's had united to puff it.

Is there any external evidence to support this grave accusation? The answer is short. There is absolutely none.

Was there any internal evidence which proved Addison to be the author of this version? Was it a work which Tickell was incapable of producing? Surely not. Tickell was a fellow of a college at Oxford, and must be supposed to have been able to construe the Iliad; and he was a better versifier than his friend. We are not aware that Pope pretended to have discovered any turns of expression peculiar to Addison. Had such turns of expression been discovered, they would be sufficiently accounted for by supposing Addison to have corrected his friend's lines, as he owned that he had done.

Is there anything in the character of the accused persons which makes the accusation probable? We answer confidently — nothing. Tickell was long after this time described by Pope himself as a very fair and worthy man. Addison had been, during many years, before the public. Literary rivals, political opponents, had kept their eyes on him. But neither envy nor faction, in its utmost rage, had ever imputed to him a single deviation from the laws of honor and of social morality. Had he been

indeed a man meanly jealous of fame, and capable of stooping to base and wicked acts for the purpose of injuring his competitors, would his vices have remained latent so long? He was a writer of tragedy: had he ever injured Rowe? He was a writer of comedy: had he not done ample justice to Congreve, and given valuable help to Steele? He was a pamphleteer: have not his good nature and generosity been acknowledged by Swift, his rival in fame and his adversary in politics?

That Tickell should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable. That Addison should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable. But that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villainy seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree. All that is known to us of their intercourse tends to prove that it was not the intercourse of two accomplices in crime. These are some of the lines in which Tickell poured forth his sorrow over the coffin of Addison: —

> "Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
> A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
> Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
> To me thine aid, thou guardian genius, lend.
> When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
> When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
> In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
> And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
> Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
> Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more."

In what words, we should like to know, did this guardian genius invite his pupil to join in a plan such as the editor of the *Satirist* would hardly dare to propose to the editor of the *Age*?

We do not accuse Pope of bringing an accusation which he knew to be false. We have not the smallest doubt

that he believed it to be true; and the evidence on which he believed it he found in his own bad heart. His own life was one long series of tricks, as mean and as malicious as that of which he suspected Addison and Tickell. He was all stiletto and mask. To injure, to insult, and to save himself from the consequences of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life. He published a lampoon on the Duke of Chandos; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a lampoon on Aaron Hill; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a still fouler lampoon on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; he was taxed with it; and he lied with more than usual effrontery and vehemence. He puffed himself and abused his enemies under feigned names. He robbed himself of his own letters, and then raised the hue and cry after them. Besides his frauds of malignity, of fear, of interest, and of vanity, there were frauds which he seems to have committed from love of fraud alone. He had a habit of stratagem, a pleasure in outwitting all who came near him. Whatever his object might be, the indirect road to it was that which he preferred. For Bolingbroke Pope undoubtedly felt as much love and veneration as it was in his nature to feel for any human being. Yet Pope was scarcely dead when it was discovered that, from no motive except the mere love of artifice, he had been guilty of an act of gross perfidy to Bolingbroke.

Nothing was more natural than that such a man as this should attribute to others that which he felt within himself. A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance. A line of conduct scrupulously fair, and even friendly, is pursued towards him. He is convinced that it is merely a cover for a vile intrigue by which he is to be

disgraced and ruined. It is vain to ask him for proofs. He has none, and wants none, except those which he carries in his own bosom.

Whether Pope's malignity at length provoked Addison to retaliate for the first and last time cannot now be known with certainty. We have only Pope's story, which runs thus. A pamphlet appeared containing some reflections which stung Pope to the quick. What those reflections were, and whether they were reflections of which he had a right to complain, we have now no means of deciding. The Earl of Warwick, a foolish and vicious lad, who regarded Addison with the feelings with which such lads generally regard their best friends, told Pope, truly or falsely, that this pamphlet had been written by Addison's direction. When we consider what a tendency stories have to grow, in passing even from one honest man to another honest man, and when we consider that to the name of honest man neither Pope nor the Earl of Warwick had a claim, we are not disposed to attach much importance to this anecdote.

It is certain, however, that Pope was furious. He had already sketched the character of Atticus in prose. In his anger he turned this prose into the brilliant and energetic lines which everybody knows by heart, or ought to know by heart, and sent them to Addison. One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends. Of the other imputations which these famous lines are intended to convey, scarcely one has ever been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of "damning with faint praise" appears from innumerable passages in his writings, and from none more than from those in which he

mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous, to describe a man who made the fortune of almost every one of his intimate friends as "so obliging that he ne'er obliged."

That Addison felt the sting of Pope's satire keenly we cannot doubt. That he was conscious of one of the weaknesses with which he was reproached is highly probable. But his heart, we firmly believe, acquitted him of the gravest part of the accusation. He acted like himself. As a satirist he was, at his own weapons, more than Pope's match; and he would have been at no loss for topics. A distorted and diseased body, tenanted by a yet more distorted and diseased mind; spite and envy thinly disguised by sentiments as benevolent and noble as those which Sir Peter Teazle admired in Mr. Joseph Surface; a feeble, sickly licentiousness; an odious love of filthy and noisome images; — these were things which a genius less powerful than that to which we owe the *Spectator* could easily have held up to the mirth and hatred of mankind. Addison had, moreover, at his command other means of vengeance which a bad man would not have scrupled to use. He was powerful in the State. Pope was a Catholic; and in those times, a minister would have found it easy to harass the most innocent Catholic by innumerable petty vexations. Pope, near twenty years later, said that "through the lenity of the government alone he could live with comfort." "Consider," he exclaimed, "the injury that a man of high rank and credit may do to a private person, under penal laws and many other disadvantages." It is pleasing to reflect that the only revenge which Addison took was to insert in the *Freeholder* a warm encomium on the translation of the Iliad, and to exhort all lovers of learning to put down their names as subscribers. There could be no doubt, he said, from the

specimens already published, that the masterly hand of Pope would do as much for Homer as Dryden had done for Virgil. From that time to the end of his life, he always treated Pope, by Pope's own acknowledgment, with justice. Friendship was, of course, at an end.

One reason which induced the Earl of Warwick to play the ignominious part of talebearer on this occasion may have been his dislike of the marriage which was about to take place between his mother and Addison. The Countess Dowager, a daughter of the old and honorable family of the Middletons of Chirk, — a family which, in any country but ours, would be called noble, — resided at Holland House. Addison had, during some years, occupied at Chelsea a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwynn. Chelsea is now a district of London, and Holland House may be called a town residence. But in the days of Anne and George the First, milkmaids and sportsmen wandered between green hedges and over fields bright with daisies, from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames. Addison and Lady Warwick were country neighbors, and became intimate friends. The great wit and scholar tried to allure the young lord from the fashionable amusements of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill, to the study of letters and the practice of virtue. These well-meant exertions did little good, however, either to the disciple or to the master. Lord Warwick grew up a rake; and Addison fell in love. The mature beauty of the Countess has been celebrated by poets in language which, after a very large allowance has been made for flattery, would lead us to believe that she was a fine woman; and her rank doubtless heightened her attractions. The courtship was long. The hopes of the lover appear to have risen and fallen with the fortunes of

his party. His attachment was at length matter of such notoriety that, when he visited Ireland for the last time, Rowe addressed some consolatory verses to the Chloe of Holland House. It strikes us as a little strange that, in these verses, Addison should be called Lycidas, a name of singularly evil omen for a swain just about to cross St. George's Channel.

At length Chloe capitulated. Addison was indeed able to treat with her on equal terms. He had reason to expect preferment even higher than that which he had attained. He had inherited the fortune of a brother who died Governor of Madras. He had purchased an estate in Warwickshire, and had been welcomed to his domain in very tolerable verse by one of the neighboring squires, the poetical fox-hunter, William Somervile. In August, 1716, the newspapers announced that Joseph Addison, Esquire, famous for many excellent works, both in verse and prose, had espoused the Countess Dowager of Warwick.

He now fixed his abode at Holland House, — a house which can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England. His portrait still hangs there. The features are pleasing; the complexion is remarkably fair; but in the expression we trace rather the gentleness of his disposition than the force and keenness of his intellect.

Not long after his marriage he reached the height of civil greatness. The Whig Government had, during some time, been torn by internal dissensions. Lord Townshend led one section of the Cabinet, Lord Sunderland the other. At length, in the spring of 1717, Sunderland triumphed. Townshend retired from office, and was accompanied by Walpole and Cowper. Sunderland proceeded to recon-

struct the Ministry; and Addison was appointed Secretary of State. It is certain that the seals were pressed upon him, and were at first declined by him. Men equally versed in official business might easily have been found; and his colleagues knew that they could not expect assistance from him in debate. He owed his elevation to his popularity, to his stainless probity, and to his literary fame.

But scarcely had Addison entered the Cabinet when his health began to fail. From one serious attack he recovered in the autumn; and his recovery was celebrated in Latin verses, worthy of his own pen, by Vincent Bourne, who was then at Trinity College, Cambridge. A relapse soon took place; and in the following spring, Addison was prevented by a severe asthma from discharging the duties of his post. He resigned it, and was succeeded by his friend Craggs, a young man whose natural parts, though little improved by cultivation, were quick and showy, whose graceful person and winning manners had made him generally acceptable in society, and who, if he had lived, would probably have been the most formidable of all the rivals of Walpole.

As yet there was no Joseph Hume. The ministers, therefore, were able to bestow on Addison a retiring pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. In what form this pension was given we are not told by the biographers, and have not time to inquire. But it is certain that Addison did not vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

Rest of mind and body seems to have reëstablished his health; and he thanked God, with cheerful piety, for having set him free both from his office and from his asthma. Many years seemed to be before him, and he meditated many works,—a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a trans-

lation of the Psalms, a treatise on the evidences of Christianity. Of this last performance a part, which we could well spare, has come down to us.

But the fatal complaint soon returned, and gradually prevailed against all the resources of medicine. It is melancholy to think that the last months of such a life should have been overclouded both by domestic and by political vexations. A tradition which began early, which has been generally received, and to which we have nothing to oppose, has represented his wife as an arrogant and imperious woman. It is said that, till his health failed him, he was glad to escape from the Countess Dowager and her magnificent dining-room, blazing with the gilded devices of the House of Rich, to some tavern where he could enjoy a laugh, a talk about Virgil and Boileau, and a bottle of claret with the friends of his happier days. All those friends, however, were not left to him. Sir Richard Steele had been gradually estranged by various causes. He considered himself as one who, in evil times, had braved martyrdom for his political principles, and demanded, when the Whig party was triumphant, a large compensation for what he had suffered when it was militant. The Whig leaders took a very different view of his claims. They thought that he had, by his own petulance and folly, brought them as well as himself into trouble, and, though they did not absolutely neglect him, doled out favors to him with a sparing hand. It was natural that he should be angry with them, and especially angry with Addison. But what above all seems to have disturbed Sir Richard was the elevation of Tickell, who, at thirty, was made by Addison Undersecretary of State, while the editor of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the author of the 'Crisis,' the member for Stockbridge who had been persecuted for firm adherence to the House of Hanover,

was, at near fifty, forced, after many solicitations and complaints, to content himself with a share in the patent of Drury Lane Theater. Steele himself says, in his celebrated letter to Congreve, that Addison, by his preference of Tickell, "incurred the warmest resentment of other gentlemen"; and everything seems to indicate that of those resentful gentlemen Steele was himself one.

While poor Sir Richard was brooding over what he considered as Addison's unkindness, a new cause of quarrel arose. The Whig party, already divided against itself, was rent by a new schism. The celebrated bill for limiting the number of peers had been brought in. The proud Duke of Somerset, first in rank of all the nobles whose religion permitted them to sit in Parliament, was the ostensible author of the measure. But it was supported, and, in truth, devised by the Prime Minister.

We are satisfied that the bill was most pernicious; and we fear that the motives which induced Sunderland to frame it were not honorable to him. But we cannot deny that it was supported by many of the best and wisest men of that age. Nor was this strange. The royal prerogative had, within the memory of the generation then in the vigor of life, been so grossly abused that it was still regarded with a jealousy which, when the peculiar situation of the House of Brunswick is considered, may perhaps be called immoderate. The particular prerogative of creating peers had, in the opinion of the Whigs, been grossly abused by Queen Anne's last Ministry; and even the Tories admitted that her Majesty, in swamping, as it has since been called, the Upper House, had done what only an extreme case could justify. The theory of the English constitution, according to many high authorities, was that three independent powers, the sovereign, the nobility, and the commons,

ought constantly to act as checks on each other. If this theory were sound, it seemed to follow that to put one of these powers under the absolute control of the other two was absurd. But if the number of peers were unlimited, it could not well be denied that the Upper House was under the absolute control of the Crown and the Commons, and was indebted only to their moderation for any power which it might be suffered to retain.

Steele took part with the Opposition, Addison with the ministers. Steele, in a paper called the *Plebeian*, vehemently attacked the bill. Sunderland called for help on Addison, and Addison obeyed the call. In a paper called the *Old Whig* he answered, and indeed refuted, Steele's arguments. It seems to us that the premises of both the controversialists were unsound; that, on those premises, Addison reasoned well and Steele ill, and that consequently Addison brought out a false conclusion, while Steele blundered upon the truth. In style, in wit, and in politeness, Addison maintained his superiority, though the *Old Whig* is by no means one of his happiest performances.

At first, both the anonymous opponents observed the laws of propriety. But at length Steele so far forgot himself as to throw an odious imputation on the morals of the chiefs of the administration. Addison replied with severity, but, in our opinion, with less severity than was due to so grave an offense against morality and decorum; nor did he, in his just anger, forget for a moment the laws of good taste and good breeding. One calumny which has been often repeated, and never yet contradicted, it is our duty to expose. It is asserted in the 'Biographia Britannica' that Addison designated Steele as "little Dicky." This assertion was repeated by Johnson, who had never seen the *Old Whig*, and was

therefore excusable. It has also been repeated by Miss Aikin, who has seen the *Old Whig*, and for whom therefore there is less excuse. Now, it is true that the words "little Dicky" occur in the *Old Whig*, and that Steele's name was Richard. It is equally true that the words "little Isaac" occur in the 'Duenna,' and that Newton's name was Isaac. But we confidently affirm that Addison's little Dicky had no more to do with Steele than Sheridan's little Isaac with Newton. If we apply the words "little Dicky" to Steele, we deprive a very lively and ingenious passage, not only of all its wit, but of all its meaning. Little Dicky was the nickname of Henry Norris, an actor of remarkably small stature, but of great humor, who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part, in Dryden's 'Spanish Friar.'

The merited reproof which Steele had received, though softened by some kind and courteous expressions, galled him bitterly. He replied with little force and great acrimony; but no rejoinder appeared. Addison was fast hastening to his grave; and had, we may well suppose, little disposition to prosecute a quarrel with an old friend. His complaint had terminated in dropsy. He bore up long and manfully. But at length he abandoned all hope, dismissed his physicians, and calmly prepared himself to die.

His works he intrusted to the care of Tickell, and dedicated them a very few days before his death to Craggs, in a letter written with the sweet and graceful eloquence of a Saturday's *Spectator*. In this, his last composition, he alluded to his approaching end in words so manly, so cheerful, and so tender that it is difficult to read them without tears. At the same time he earnestly recommended the interests of Tickell to the care of Craggs.

Within a few hours of the time at which this dedica-

tion was written, Addison sent to beg Gay, who was then living by his wits about town, to come to Holland House. Gay went, and was received with great kindness. To his amazement his forgiveness was implored by the dying man. Poor Gay, the most good-natured and simple of mankind, could not imagine what he had to forgive. There was, however, some wrong, the remembrance of which weighed on Addison's mind, and which he declared himself anxious to repair. He was in a state of extreme exhaustion; and the parting was doubtless a friendly one on both sides. Gay supposed that some plan to serve him had been in agitation at Court, and had been frustrated by Addison's influence. Nor is this improbable. Gay had paid assiduous court to the royal family. But in the Queen's days he had been the eulogist of Bolingbroke, and was still connected with many Tories. It is not strange that Addison, while heated by conflict, should have thought himself justified in obstructing the preferment of one whom he might regard as a political enemy. Neither is it strange that, when reviewing his whole life, and earnestly scrutinizing all his motives, he should think that he had acted an unkind and ungenerous part in using his power against a distressed man of letters, who was as harmless and as helpless as a child.

One inference may be drawn from this anecdote. It appears that Addison, on his death bed, called himself to a strict account, and was not at ease till he had asked pardon for an injury which it was not even suspected that he had committed, — for an injury which would have caused disquiet only to a very tender conscience. Is it not then reasonable to infer that, if he had really been guilty of forming a base conspiracy against the fame and fortunes of a rival, he would have expressed some remorse for so serious a crime? But it is unnecessary to

multiply arguments and evidence for the defense when there is neither argument nor evidence for the accusation.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die." The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful friend who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear. He died on the 17th of June, 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sang a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honored the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torchlight, round the shrine of Saint Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry

the Seventh. On the north side of that chapel, in the vault of the House of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montagu. Yet a few months, and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.

Many tributes were paid to the memory of Addison; but one alone is now remembered. Tickell bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honor to the greatest name in our literature, and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper. This fine poem was prefixed to a superb edition of Addison's works, which was published, in 1721, by subscription. The names of the subscribers proved how widely his fame had been spread. That his countrymen should be eager to possess his writings, even in a costly form, is not wonderful. But it is wonderful that, though English literature was then little studied on the continent, Spanish grandees, Italian prelates, marshals of France, should be found in the list. Among the most remarkable names are those of the Queen of Sweden, of Prince Eugene, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Guastalla, of the Doge of Genoa, of the Regent Orleans, and of Cardinal Dubois. We ought to add that this edition, though eminently beautiful, is in some important points defective; nor, indeed, do we yet possess a complete collection of Addison's writings.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow nor any of his powerful and attached friends should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his

pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skillfully graven, appeared in the Poet's Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing gown and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's *Spectator*, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it; who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform; and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

NOTES.

July, 1843. This was the date of the first publication of the Essay, which was originally a contribution to the *Edinburgh Review* under the form of a notice of *The Life of Joseph Addison*, by Lucy Aikin.

1 12. **The courteous knight.** Rogero, one of the characters in Ariosto's poetical romance, *Orlando Furioso*. Bradamante was a maiden knight, and Rogero would not use against her his customary weapon, the sword Balisarda, which was endowed with magic power.

2 4. **The Laputan flapper.** See *Gulliver's Travels*, Part III. Chap. 2.

2 6. In a letter to Napier, then editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, written during the preparation of this Essay, Macaulay had said: "I am truly vexed to find Miss Aikin's book so very bad that it is impossible for us, with due regard to our own character, to praise it. All that I can do is to speak civilly of her writings generally, and to express regret that she should have been nodding. . . . Yet it goes much against my feelings to censure any woman, even with the greatest lenity. . . . I shall not again undertake to review any lady's book till I know how it is executed."

2 14. Miss Aikin had won considerable literary reputation by the publication of Memoirs of the Courts of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.

2 16. **Congreve** (1670–1729) **and Prior** (1664–1721). Contemporaries of Addison; the first a brilliant and popular dramatist, the second a poet and satirist.

2 17. **Theobald's.** In Elizabeth's time the residence of her minister Cecil (Lord Burleigh).

2 18. **Steenkirks.** At the battle of Steenkirk, in 1692, the French army, under Luxemburg, was surprised and nearly defeated by the English and allied forces under William III. Many of the French noblemen, roused from their sleep by the sudden attack, hurried to their places with disordered dress, and distinguished themselves by their bravery where the fight was hottest, until William was finally

beaten back. The battle gave its name to a new fashion of arranging with studied negligence the rich lace neckcloths then in vogue, in imitation of their appearance on the battlefield.

Flowing periwigs, worn by all men of fashion at this time, and often very expensive. It is said that Steele, who lived on a scale of impecunious extravagance, could never take the air without a wig worth fifty guineas.

2 19. **Hampton.** A royal palace on the Thames, above London.

2 33. Here Macaulay enters upon the real subject of his essay, for which the nominal review of Miss Aikin's book serves only as an excuse. Such further comment upon her work as he wished to make appeared in footnotes in the *Review*, and was omitted altogether from the subsequent republications.

3 11. **Parnell,** Rev. Thomas, was one of the minor poets and critics of Queen Anne's reign. He contributed somewhat to the *Spectator*, and was on intimate terms with Pope and Swift.

3 12. **Blair,** Rev. Hugh, D.D., for many years Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres at Edinburgh University. He was a friend of Samuel Johnson, and popular in his own day as an essayist and sermon writer.

A tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's. Addison's *Cato* was, like Samuel Johnson's *Irene*, declamatory, undramatic, and in itself uninteresting ; but unlike the latter tragedy, which was practically a failure, Addison's play achieved at the time of its production an extraordinary success. For the causes of this, and for Macaulay's criticism of the play itself, see the present Essay, pp. 67–70.

3 22. **Button's,** a coffee-house patronized by Addison and his friends.

> Public coffee-houses first appeared in London during the reign of Charles II., and in Queen Anne's time were an important element in the life of the town. They were frequented as places for social intercourse and as centers of news and gossip. Each coffee-house had its habitual patrons, drawn together by similarity of tastes or occupations. At one would be found the dandies of the day, at another the wits or scholars; here the clergymen, there the merchants and brokers. In this way they became virtually clubs. Especially was this true when, as at Button's, the reputation of the place was made by the custom of some literary celebrity or coterie.

4 15. The Episcopal form of service was displaced under Cromwell by the Presbyterian, and its public use was forbidden.

4 19. **Dunkirk,** on the Straits of Dover, had been won for England by Cromwell, and its possession was considered of great importance for naval defense from France. Its sale by Charles II., who was always in need of money, roused great indignation in England.

4 22. Charles II. married the Portuguese princess Catharine in 1662.

5 5. **The Convocation** (or assembly of the clergy) **of 1689** was summoned by King William to consider propositions intended to bring the dissenters back into the Established Church. Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was the leader of the movement. The High Church party held control, and the propositions were defeated.

5 11. **The Charterhouse,** an old and famous London school. In Addison's time it held with Westminster the first place among the schools of England, as Rugby, Eton, and Harrow do to-day.

5 14–16. Johnson is the authority for the barring out; see his Essay on Addison. The second tradition is related in *Addisoniana*, a collection of anecdotes with regard to Addison, as a story which had been handed down in his native town.

6 3. James II., in his effort to force the Roman Catholic faith upon England, struck at the Universities as the strongholds and nurseries of the Established Church. If education were open only to Catholics, the supply of Protestant clergymen would be cut off. Accordingly he attempted to force the fellows of Magdalen College to elect a Roman Catholic, Farmer, as their President. They refused, and elected instead Hough, one of their own number. A commission was then sent to Oxford by the King to enforce compliance with the royal will, as recounted by Macaulay in the text.

His Chancellor, Jeffreys. He had received the office as a reward for his work in the Bloody Assizes (see Gardiner's *Students' History of England*, p. 637; Green's *History of the English People*, Vol. IV. p. 9). The Lord High Chancellor was originally supposed to be the confidential adviser of the King, and hence is sometimes called 'The keeper of the King's conscience.' He is keeper of the Great Seal, the presiding officer of the House of Lords, a member of the cabinet, and supreme judge of the Court of Chancery.

6 7. In 1688 James ordered the English clergy to read before their congregations a Declaration of Indulgence to Catholics. The Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops signed a protest against this illegal action, and for this were brought to trial by the King (see Green, IV. 23; Gardiner, p. 642).

6 10. The fellows of each college at Cambridge and Oxford constitute, with their President, the governing body of their foundation or college. They are not necessarily resident, and may hold their fellowships for many years. Addison, for example, was elected in 1698 to a fellowship which he continued to hold until 1711, though he left Oxford in 1699.

6 28. The demies as well as the fellows had been expelled by the Commission. The term 'demi' is peculiar to Magdalen College. It denotes a holder of an undergraduate scholarship.

7 20. **Buchanan,** George (1506–1582), a great scholar and historian, tutor for a time to both Mary Queen of Scots and her son James I of England. His Latin verses are of great excellence.

7 30–34. This must not be taken too literally. The accomplishments which Macaulay ascribes to the ordinary schoolboy are proverbial. Mr. Courthope says : "His [Addison's] acquaintance with the Greek poets, if cursory, was wide and intelligent ; he was sufficiently master of the language thoroughly to understand the spirit of what he read. . . . The Eton or Rugby boy who, in these days, with a normal appetite for cricket and football, acquired an equal knowledge of Greek literature, would certainly be somewhat of a prodigy" (*Addison* in *English Men of Letters*).

8 23. Addison traveled abroad from 1699 to 1703, and spent over a year in Italy. In 1705 he published his *Remarks on the Several Parts of Italy*.

9 5. **Commentaries, Letters to Atticus.** Who are the authors?

9 8. **Lucan** (38–65 A.D.), the author of the epic poem *Pharsalia*, was one of the chief Roman poets of the 'silver age' in Latin literature.

9 15. The *Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals* was begun while Addison was abroad, but first appeared in print after his death, in the edition of his works published by Tickell in 1721.

9 28. The Essay, *Of the Christian Religion*, occupied Addison's attention at intervals during the last five years of his life, but was left unfinished. It was included in Tickell's edition just referred to.

10 1. **The Cock Lane ghost.** In 1772 a house in Cock Lane, Stockwell, near London, was reported to be haunted by a ghost which produced strange rappings. It was for a time the talk of London, but was found at last to be a hoax.

10 2. **Ireland's Vortigern.** William Henry Ireland produced in 1795, at the age of seventeen, a series of documents relating to Shakespeare which he pretended to have discovered, — private letters, theatrical memoranda, annotated books, and at last a complete play, *Vortigern*, which was actually purchased by Sheridan and acted at the Drury Lane Theater. Many eminent men of letters were at first imposed upon, but the play failed on its first performance, and Ireland was forced to confess the forgeries.

The Thundering Legion. There is a tradition that in the army of Marcus Aurelius was a legion composed entirely of Christians, and that

once, when shut in a defile by the Marcomanni, a violent thunderstorm arose in answer to their prayers, under cover of which they attacked and defeated their enemies.

10 5. According to the tradition, Abgarus, toparch of Edessa, was sick of an incurable disease. Hearing of Christ's miraculous cures, he wrote professing belief, and asking the Saviour to come and heal him. Jesus, with his own hand, wrote in reply that when he had done the command of his Father he must return to Him, but he would send one of his disciples, Thaddeus, to heal Abgarus's disease and show him the way of life.

10 16. **Boyle,** Charles (1676–1731), afterwards third Earl of Orrery, put forth in 1695, while an undergraduate at Oxford, an edition of the *Epistles of Phalaris*, which were then supposed to date from the sixth century B.C. He was largely assisted in his work by Atterbury and other Oxford colleagues. The unscholarly character of the book was exposed by Dr. Richard Bentley (1662–1742), the foremost English scholar of his time, who published, two years later, his famous *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris*, proving that the *Epistles* were forgeries of the second century A.D. The controversy attracted wide attention, and called forth Swift's *Battle of the Books*.

10 17. **Blackmore,** Sir Richard (*d.* 1729), court physician to King William, and a very voluminous writer, both in prose and poetry. He was the author, among other things, of six ponderous epics, many medical treatises, two volumes of essays, and a periodical patterned after the *Spectator*. Addison praised his *Creation* in the latter periodical; but he was unsparingly ridiculed by most of the literary men of his time, until his name became a synonym for dullness.

10 25. The important place assigned, in the English schools, to the writing of Latin verse accounts for the fact that a false quantity is, in that country, regarded almost as a disgrace and the mark of an insufficient education. Two generations ago, when Latin quotations were more commonly introduced into parliamentary speeches than now, the mispronunciation of a Latin word would make the unlucky blunderer the laughing-stock of the House of Commons.

10 31. See note on 10 16.

11 8. See same note.

11 15. **Thousands of breakfast-tables.** Addison's daily paper, the *Spectator*, was a popular accompaniment of breakfast among fashionable Londoners.

12 1. **Drury Lane,** through most of the seventeenth century an aristocratic residence street, was in Addison's time given up to that life

of the town which centered in the Queen Anne coffee-houses and theaters. The Royal, or Drury Lane Theater, was (and is) at the corner of Drury Lane and Russell Street, on which were both Button's and Will's, and was, on the whole, the leading theater of the time.

12 10. **Congreve.** See note on 2 16.

12 11. **Charles Montagu** (1661–1715), who became Lord Halifax in 1699, was a statesman of extraordinary ability, particularly as a financier. The national debt and the Bank of England both date from his time, and it was due to his success in founding the latter that he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1694. His subsequent fall from power and impeachment are mentioned by Macaulay on p. 29.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a cabinet officer, one of whose duties is to present to parliament the statement of taxation proposed for the ensuing year. In this respect his position is similar to that of our Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He must not be confused with the Lord Chancellor, with regard to whom see note on 6 3.

12 20, 21. **Newdigate prize, Seatonian prize.** These are prizes for English verse, offered annually at Oxford and Cambridge respectively.

Heroic couplet. Define this verse-measure.

In this passage Macaulay does scant justice to the real virtues of the distinct variety of rimed couplet which Pope perfected; and he seems not to recognize the existence of any other variety at all. Pope, with his genius for saying things cleverly, with his keen wit and sparkling fancy and rhetorical power, developed a corresponding poetic style — balanced, emphatic, polished, and pointed. The decasyllabic couplet of Chaucer or Keats, on the other hand, simpler, more varied, and more flowing, is an altogether different verse-form — far more suitable for straightforward narrative and for delicate poetic feeling, though it would not have served Pope's purpose at all. Compare with one another and with the passages in the text the three following passages, noting carefully the differences in content, style, and versification, and the illustrations of what has just been said: —

> O mercy, dearè father, quod this maid.
> And with that word she both her armès laid
> About his neck, as she was wont to do.
> (The tearès brast out of her eyen two,)
> And said, O goodè father, shall I die?
> Is there no grace? is there no remedy?
>
> CHAUCER, *The Doctor's Tale* (Appius and Virginia).

> This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
> That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
> Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
> But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade.

POPE, *Rape of the Lock.*

Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches; little space they stop,
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak;
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

KEATS, '*I stood tiptoe upon a little hill.*'

13 10. **Hoole,** John (1727–1803), translated from the Italian into English heroic couplets Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso.*

13 14–16. This refers to an invention of the distinguished civil engineer and architect, Sir Marc Isambard Brunel (1769–1849), which substituted machinery for hand labor in the manufacture of ships' blocks. It was employed in the government dockyards, at an immense economy of labor and money.

14 14, 15. **Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh,** minor English poets a few years older than Addison.

14 23. Addison furnished also arguments to most of the books of the *Æneid.* His authorship of both these and the preface was unknown at the time.

14 27. Dryden's skill in compliment was unrivaled in an age of adulation.

15 9. Notice the sudden change in subject in the midst of the paragraph. We hear no more about Addison and his calling until the second paragraph following.

15 17. In Samuel Johnson's *Rasselas.*

16 4. **Lord Chancellor.** See note on 6 3.

Somers, John (1652–1716) had taken a leading part in bringing William III. to the throne. He became William's most trusted adviser, and rose, through successive steps of legal preferment, to the high office of Lord Chancellor, which he reached in 1697. As a parliamentary orator he held with Montagu the foremost place.

17 12. **The peace of Ryswick,** concluded in 1697, marked only a temporary pause in the struggle of the English and Dutch and their allies against the ambitious plans of Louis XIV. The latter had hitherto supported the claims of James II. to the English throne; he

now recognized William as king, and Anne as his successor. But when, in 1700, he accepted the crown of Spain for his grandson, in defiance of his agreement on that point made with Great Britain and Holland, he again took up the cause of the Stuarts, and, on the death of James II. in the following year, recognized the Pretender as king of England.

18 6. **Made a rich man by his pension.** It must not be forgotten that money was worth, roughly speaking, three times as much then as now.

18 17. Addison was elected a member of the celebrated Kit-Cat Club soon after his return to England in 1703. Montagu (by that time Lord Halifax) and Somers were members of the club, which included all the great leaders of the Whig party and their most valuable literary allies. It was professedly a club of wits, but exerted an important influence in politics. It was said to have taken its name from one Christopher Cat, famous for his delectable mutton pies.

One of the rules of the club was that each member should, on his admission, name some lady as his 'toast,' and write some verses in her praise. Addison's lines, engraved on his toasting glass, were as follows :—

> While haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
> O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
> Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
> In native charms divinely fair;
> Confusion in their looks they showed,
> And with unborrowed blushes glowed.

The same causes which gave their popularity to coffee-houses, already remarked upon, under Queen Anne, promoted the growth of clubs. Politics and the life of the town almost monopolized the attention of all men of social station. The coffee-house furnished the nucleus; only a permanent organization was needed to transform its habitual frequenters into a full-fledged club. Accordingly we find clubs of every kind, some of which Addison satirized in the *Spectator*, No. 9.

18 26. **Racine,** Jean (1639–1699), one of the greatest of French dramatic poets. The 'sacred dramas' to which Macaulay alludes (*Esther* and *Athalie*) were written about 1690.

18 28. **Dacier** (1651–1722), a distinguished French scholar, announced to Louis in 1685 his conversion to Catholicism, and was rewarded with a pension. It is illustrative of the veneration for the classics which then obtained, that the new convert should have sought in the writings of Plato for confirmation of the doctrines contained in the Athanasian creed, which, as a Catholic, he was bound to accept as authoritative.

19 8. **Joseph Spence** (1699–1768), an English clergyman, scholar, and critic, whose *Anecdotes* are full of information concerning the literary men of his time.

19 17. **Guardian,** a daily paper published by Steele in 1713 after the discontinuance of the *Spectator*. Addison was a frequent contributor to it.

19 24. **Bishop Hough.** See note on 6 3.

19 25, 26. **Malebranche** (1638–1715) and **Boileau** (1636–1711), eminent, the first as a philosopher, the second as a man of letters.

19 28. **Hobbes,** Thomas (1588–1679), a distinguished English political philosopher, whose most famous work, the *Leviathan*, argued for absolutism as the necessary basis of society.

20 1. The French Academy, originally a private society, was in 1635 converted by Richelieu into a government organization, composed of eminent scholars and writers, and charged with the function of protecting the purity of the language and pronouncing judgment on questions of literary criticism.

20 11. **Sir Joshua Reynolds** (1723–1792), the most famous of English portrait painters. He was one of the foremost figures in the society of his time, and a member of the celebrated Literary Club, which included among its members Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Burke.

Mrs. Thrale, the wife of a wealthy London brewer. Her tastes were literary, and she was ambitious to cultivate the acquaintance of literary people. After meeting Dr. Johnson, then recognized as the foremost conversationalist and man of letters of his time, she asked him to her house at Streatham, in the suburbs of London, where she and her husband made him so comfortable that it soon became almost his home.

20 15. **Absalom and Achitophel.** Who is the author of this poem?

21 24, 25. **Erasmus** (1466–1536), the great Dutch scholar who for a time held the chair of Greek at Cambridge, England, and **Fracastorius** (1483–1533), a learned Italian physician and poet, both wrote mainly in Latin.

21 25. **Robertson,** Dr. William (1721–1793), a Scotch minister, who published, in 1759, a history of Scotland, and at once took rank as a leading historian. The full title of his last work is, *A Disquisition Concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India.*

21 31. **Gray,** Thomas (1716–1771), author of what famous English poem? He published Latin verses while an undergraduate at Cambridge.

21 32. **Vincent Bourne** (1695–1747) was for many years a master at Westminster School. His only publication was a small volume of very graceful Latin poems.

22 1–5. **Ne croyez,** etc. "But do not think from this that I wish to find fault with the Latin verses of one of your distinguished academicians which you sent me. I found them very beautiful, and worthy of Vida and Sannazaro, but not of Horace and Virgil."

Vida (1480(?)–1566) and Sannazaro (1458–1530) were two Italians who wrote Latin poetry, — the former *De Arte Poetica*, patterned after Horace's *Ars Poetica*, the latter an epic, *De Partu Virginis*, which won him the name of the "Christian Virgil."

23 11. See note on 17 12. This bequest of the Spanish throne to a French prince marks the beginning of the War of the Spanish Succession, in which the English, Dutch, Austrians, and a part of the German states were leagued against France and Spain. With the power of these two countries in the hands of one family, perhaps of one sovereign, no state in Europe was strong enough to defend itself. "There are no longer any Pyrenees," Louis had said to his grandson setting out for Spain. It was to restore the Pyrenees that the war was undertaken.

24 17. **Book of Gold.** In 1528, under the leadership of Andrea Doria, Genoa threw off the French yoke and became an independent republic. A list of her most important citizens was then made out, and these were called the Nobles of the Golden Book. This book was burned in a popular outbreak in 1797.

24 22. **House of Doria.** "There is one room in the first (*i.e.* the Duke of Doria's Palace) that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no family in Europe that can show a longer line of heroes that have still acted for the good of their country." (Addison's *Remarks on Italy*.)

24 24. Mediæval architecture was not highly appreciated in Addison's time. The very use of the word 'Gothic' implied disparagement; it signified something irregular and barbaric. Classic symmetry and severity formed the ideal of architecture, and a profusion of ornament was sure to be censured as in bad taste.

25 11. The evidence regarding the time when Addison began *Cato* is at first sight conflicting. Colley Cibber says that he read the first four acts of the play in 1703, and that Steele at that time said it had been "the amusement of Addison's leisure hours in Italy." Tonson also says that the first four acts were written abroad. On the other hand, Tickell, in the preface to his edition of Addison's works, says: "He took up a design of writing upon this subject when he was at the University, and even attempted something in it there, though not a

line as it now stands." Dr. Young even says that Addison at that time sent his play of *Cato* to Dryden for criticism, and that the latter returned it with the opinion that it would not succeed on the stage. But these accounts are after all not at all irreconcilable. Tickell was certainly in a position to know what he was talking about. He had been for a number of years one of Addison's nearest friends, and was his literary executor. We must reject his testimony *in toto* to believe with Macaulay that the Venetian opera "suggested to him [Addison] the thought of bringing *Cato* on the English stage." On the other hand, with the subject already in mind Addison would naturally find such a performance as he describes full of hints, and, writing with maturer powers, the resulting production might easily have little more than the title in common with his academic tragedy, so that his friends would be quite right in speaking of the first four acts of *Cato* as written in Italy.

26 19. **Pæstum.** A city in Lucania, about forty miles south from Naples, originally settled by Greek colonists, and famous for a wonderful group of three Doric temples, one of them the most complete Greek temple now existing.

26 24. **Salvator.** Salvator Rosa (1615–1673), a Neapolitan whose romantic feeling and use of landscape mark a turning-point in the history of art.

26 25. **Vico** (1668–1744), another son of Naples, who led the way toward a sound philosophy of history, and modern methods and results in the science of society. When Addison was in Italy Vico was Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Naples.

26 26. In Yucatan are crumbling ruins which were formerly supposed to be the remains of a prehistoric civilization, but which are now known to be the sites of huge communal villages of Indians, similar to the cities found in Mexico by the Spaniards, and to the Pueblo towns of New Mexico. (See Fiske's *Discovery of America*, Vol. I. pp. 134–137.)

26 34. **Philip the Fifth,** the grandson of Louis XIV. of France, the circumstances of whose accession to the throne of France were narrated on p. 23.

27 3. **The Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown.** These were the Duchy of Milan and the Kingdoms of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies. The latter included the southern part of the Italian peninsula as well as the island of Sicily.

27 15. See Virgil's *Æneid*, VI. 233.

27 17. **Fabled promontory of Circe.** See *Æneid*, VII. 10.

27 26. In the same ode alluded to on 24 11.

27 34. **Forgot his prejudices.** Not quite. Addison's comment is extremely significant. "There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though it is quite of another make, and *can only be looked upon as one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expense that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of architecture they would have left us had they been only instructed in the right way.* . . . One would wonder to see the vast labor that has been laid out on this single cathedral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage; . . . and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and overrun with so many little mazes and labyrinths of sculpture, that *nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties and affected ornaments to a noble and majestic simplicity.*" (*Remarks on Italy.*)

28 19–26. These were the opening movements of the War of the Spanish Succession. Prince Eugene was commander of the Austrian army; Catinat, of the French army in northern Italy. The Duke of Savoy at first sided with Louis, but went over to the allies in 1703. The appointment of the Earl of Manchester as Ambassador to France was mentioned on p. 18.

29 15. **Parnell.** See note on 3 11.

Prior. See note on 2 16.

29 20. **Impeached by the House of Commons.** William had tried to prevent the War of the Spanish Succession by making a secret treaty with France, stipulating that on the death of Charles II., King of Spain, that country should be divided among the rival claimants. The treaty, when it became known in England, proved very unpopular, and resulted in the impeachment of the Whig ministers in 1701.

30 3. **Death of William the Third.** In March, 1702.

30 7. **Deprived of the seals,** *i.e.* his resignation was demanded. There are now in the English cabinet five Secretaries of State, but at Queen Anne's accession only two. The seals constituted their emblem of office. Two other cabinet officers are custodians of seals, the Lord Chancellor of the Great Seal and the Lord Privy Seal of the Privy Seal.

30 9. **The Privy Council.** Most of the duties formerly attaching to this body have now been assumed by the cabinet, and the rest are mainly discharged by two or three important standing committees, so that the Privy Council does not now assemble except for routine and

purely formal business. The Council was originally a body of representative men selected by the sovereign to act as advisers of the crown in all important affairs of state, and the monarch could not constitutionally act unless so advised. It was an extraordinary act of royal disfavor to exclude from the Council Somers and Halifax, who by virtue of their position as leaders of the dominant party in the preceding Parliament were entitled to sit in it.

30 13. **He became tutor,** etc. This statement, the authority for which is a sarcastic fling of Swift's, is probably incorrect. A little later, after the death of Addison's father, he was in correspondence with the Duke of Somerset with reference to becoming tutor to his son; but the remuneration offered was not satisfactory, and the plan fell through.

30 23. The eight northern provinces of the Netherlands threw off the Spanish yoke and in 1579 proclaimed the "Union of Utrecht," thus forming the United Provinces, now the Kingdom of Holland. The southern provinces, comprising what is now Belgium, were still held by Spain as the Spanish Netherlands.

31 4. **The prerogative,** the rights of the crown as against those of Parliament.

The Church, the Established (Episcopal) Church.

> These were the two main issues in English politics at the time. The Whigs opposed the doctrine of divine right and wished to limit the power of the sovereign; and as the dissenters were mainly Whigs, the party naturally favored religious toleration. The Tories, on the other hand, were called indifferently the Church party or the country party, since their party was loyally and unwaveringly supported by the clergy and the country gentlemen. As the latter derived their incomes from the rents of their land, the Tories favored a system of taxation which should relieve land of the burden and lay it as far as possible upon trade, which centered in the cities and was favored by the Whigs. Further, since the scruples of the Tories against any attack on the power of the throne had made it difficult for them to support William against James II. and since the Tories were an intensely English party, hated all foreigners, and wished to have as little as possible to do with foreign alliances and European wars, it was not strange that William's war policy had to look for its champions to the Whigs, and that the Tories fiercely opposed it.

31 6, 7. **Godolphin, Marlborough.** These were the two leaders and directors of English politics from the accession of Anne to the overturn of parties in the elections of 1710. The Earl of Godolphin (1635(?)–1712) was a skillful financier and a cautious and conservative politician,

and as Lord High Treasurer and practically Prime Minister managed affairs at home and raised the funds for the military operations of Marlborough on the Continent. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough (1650(?)–1722), was one of the great captains of the world. Under his leadership the splendid armies and experienced generals of the French were again and again defeated, their country devastated, and the empire of the proud old Louis brought to the verge of dismemberment. Marlborough's character was, however, stained by avarice and treachery. He was greatly assisted by his wife, who possessed unbounded influence over Anne.

31 13. **Funded debt.** The national debt began under King William. It was a Whig measure, and was bitterly opposed by the Tories, since it gave the Whig capitalists a chance for a good investment, while the country had to meet the interest charge.

32 2. This comparison for the sake of clearness has become ineffective with the lapse of time; it is now necessary to explain the explanation. In 1826 important measures of reform were before the country. The Tory party was in power, but on the question of the need of reform Tory opinion was hopelessly divided. Canning and Lord Eldon, both members of the cabinet, represent the opposing wings, the first a moderate reformer, the second an intense anti-reformer. The Whigs stood ready to assist Canning, and after he became Prime Minister in the following year some of them entered his cabinet.

32 17. **Blenheim,** in Bavaria, the scene of one of Marlborough's greatest victories, won in 1704. He had marched 400 miles from his base of operations in Holland, to crush a French army which was moving against the Austrians. The battle changed the entire European situation, and threw France on the defensive.

32 22. **The Imperial throne,** occupied by Leopold, Archduke of Austria.

32 23. **The Act of Settlement.** This act of Parliament decreed that on the death of Anne without issue the crown should pass to the House of Hanover. This was, of course, an exclusion of the Stuarts, whom Louis had recognized as the heirs (see note on 17 12), and whom the French, if victorious, would probably attempt to restore.

32 32. **Newmarket,** the great English race-course.

33 16 ff. This anecdote is on the authority of Budgell, in his *Life of Lord Orrery*, and is, as Leslie Stephen remarks, "reported with suspicious fullness."

34 16. **The similitude of the angel.** This is the best passage in the poem, and the one oftenest quoted. It is as follows: —

So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

34 17. **Commissionership.** He was made Commissioner of Appeals in the Excise, succeeding the philosopher Locke in the office.

35 28. **Lifeguardsman.** The Lifeguards are the two senior regiments of the sovereign's mounted bodyguard, and are all at least six feet tall.

35 31. **Mamelukes,** originally slaves purchased by the Sultan of Egypt and made into an army. They soon discovered their power, and in 1254 made one of their number Sultan. They were masters of Egypt until its conquest by the Turks in 1517, and remained a powerful military aristocracy until their perfidious massacre in the citadel of Cairo in 1811. At the time of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt in 1797 the Mamelukes attacked him in the battle of the Pyramids, under the leadership of Mourad Bey, and were severely beaten.

36 24. **The Boyne,** the river in Ireland which gave its name to the decisive victory gained upon its banks by William III. in 1690, when he defeated James II. and the French and Irish troops supporting him, and secured his own claim to the English throne.

36 25. **John Philips** (1676–1709), one of the minor poets of the time. His poem on Blenheim was written after Addison's, and was produced by request of some of the Tory leaders as a kind of counter-blast to the *Campaign*. Notice his use of blank verse and imitation of Milton's style.

37 18. **Johnson,** in his *Life of Addison*, had contended that the comparison was not a true simile at all, and that it was too obvious to deserve much praise. "Marlborough is so like the angel in the poem that the action of both is almost the same, and performed by both in the same manner. Marlborough 'teaches the battle to rage'; the angel 'directs the storm': Marlborough is 'unmoved in peaceful thought'; the angel is 'calm and serene': Marlborough stands 'unmoved amidst the shock of hosts'; the angel rides 'calm in the whirlwind.' The lines on Marlborough are just and noble; but the simile gives almost the same images a second time."

Though Macaulay would not "dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks," Mr. Courthope has not hesitated to do so. He defends Addison as follows: "It was Addison's intention to raise in the mind of the reader

the noblest possible idea of composure and design in the midst of confusion; to do this he selected an angel as the minister of the divine purpose, and a storm as the symbol of fury and devestation. . . . Johnson has noticed the close similarity between the persons of Marlborough and the angel; but he has exaggerated the resemblance between the actions in which they are severally engaged." (Courthope's *Addison* in *English Men of Letters*.)

38 14. **Victor Amadeus,** the Duke of Savoy mentioned on 28 22, and note.

38 20. **Empress Faustina** (*d.* A.D. 175), wife of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Her life was scandalously immoral.

39 12. **Santa Croce,** the church at Florence in which are buried, among other famous Florentines, Dante, Michelangelo, Machiavelli, and Galileo.

39 14. An allusion to the celebrated passage in Dante's *Inferno*, Canto V. The affecting story of the lovers, Paolo and Francesca, is also the theme of Leigh Hunt's poem, *Rimini*.

39 19. This is exaggerated praise. Filicaja's poetry is unequal, and is often vitiated by an artificial style. He lived 1642–1707.

40 2. **Rowe,** Nicholas (1674–1718), one of the not inconsiderable number of English Poet Laureates whose laurel has withered sadly with time. His best work was as a dramatic writer.

40 18. **Great Seal.** See note on 30 7. The Great Seal is the seal of state. It is affixed to the writs which summon a new Parliament, as well as to treaties and similar documents.

40 19. **Somers and Halifax.** See 30 8, and note on 30 9.

40 24. **Secretary of State.** See note on 30 7.

40 27. **Charles, Earl of Sunderland** (1675–1722). He was personally very repugnant to Queen Anne, but he was Marlborough's son-in-law, and was forced upon her. He later became Prime Minister under George I., but was involved in the scandals connected with the South Sea Bubble, and disgraced in consequence. Tickell's edition of Addison's works was dedicated to him.

40 30. Godolphin and Marlborough were still nominally Tories; but in the following year they formally declared themselves Whigs. Their secession left the leadership of the party to Robert Harley (1661–1724), who later became Earl of Oxford, and to Henry St. John (1678–1751), subsequently raised to the peerage with the title of Viscount Bolingbroke.

41 7. **Prosecution of Sacheverell.** This was not until 1710. Sacheverell was a London clergyman, and a narrow and violent Tory. He accordingly preached a sermon reflecting on the government, and strongly upheld the extreme Tory doctrine that it was unlawful under

any circumstances to oppose the monarch by force — a doctrine which, of course, impeached the title of William III. and Anne. This sermon was printed, and resulted in Sacheverell's impeachment. He was convicted, but only a nominal penalty was imposed; and the excitement caused by his trial contributed materially to the defeat of the Whigs in the elections of the same year, which resulted in the fall of Godolphin and the accession to power of Harley and St. John.

41 12. **Lord President of the Council.** The presiding officer of the Privy Council is a member of cabinet.

42 5. The censorship of the press ceased in 1693.

42 13. **Conduct of the Allies.** This pamphlet, written by Swift in the interest of Harley and the Tory party, proved a most effective campaign document. Swift himself said that it furnished all the Tory orators in Parliament with their arguments. It sought to show that English interests had been entirely sacrificed to those of the continental allies in the War of the Spanish Succession, and so to win the nation to the Tory policy of an early peace.

42 14. **The Freeholder** was a political paper published by Addison during the first half of the year 1716. It appeared twice a week, and was written in the interest of the new King (George I.) and his ministry. See p. 87.

43 5. **Grub Street,** once in a respectable residence quarter of London, had been left behind by the tide of fashion, even then setting strongly westward, and abandoned to cheap lodgings, not too high-priced for the very slender purses of the impecunious hack-writers who swarmed in it and desperately fought starvation with their pens.

43 13. **St. John.** See note on 40 30.

43 17. **Swift,** Jonathan (1667–1745), was originally a Whig, but went over to the Tories on their accession to power in 1710. This was partly because as a clergyman of the Church of England he was more in sympathy with the Tories on church issues, and partly because the Tory leaders, especially Harley, made much of him and took him into their inner circle. His literary services to the party were of the first importance (see note on 42 13), and gave him great influence. He himself says that he could get office for everybody but himself. He wished a bishopric, but owing to the opposition of Anne was obliged to content himself with the Deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin. He withdrew thither in 1714, and never afterward returned to England save once, in 1726, for a brief visit with Pope.

43 24. **His cassock and his pudding sleeves,** an allusion to the customary dress of an Anglican clergyman. 'Pudding,' *i.e.* wide-puffed.

44 11–19. This is more interesting as an illustration of Macaulay's love of paradox than convincing as an explanation of the reasons for Addison's popularity.

44 22. **Mary Montagu.** Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1687–1762) was for many years one of the most conspicuous figures in English society. Of noble blood, and the wife of a distinguished politician, she was also something of a writer, and fond of the society of literary men. Her friendship with Pope and the subsequent bitter quarrel between them are familiar incidents in that poet's life, and occasioned some of his bitterest satire.

44 28. **Stella.** When Swift left college he became private secretary to Sir William Temple, and there grew very fond of Esther Johnson, the daughter of Temple's housekeeper. She afterwards crossed to Ireland to live near Swift, and they were always fast friends. Rumor had it that they were secretly married, but the evidence is by no means satisfactory. There was never, however, any suspicion of scandal in their relations. While Swift was in England he wrote his Journal to Stella — a kind of pet name which he always used — keeping her informed of all the details of his life and movements.

45 1. **Young,** Edward (1681–1765), best known as the author of *Night Thoughts*, is a poet whose somber and meditative genius is less esteemed in the present than it was in the last century.

45 13. Macaulay quotes from Pope's confirmatory allusion to the same trait in his famous characterization of Addison: —

> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

45 16. *Tatler*, No. 163.

45 17. *Spectator*, No. 568.

45 27. **When the play ended.** Theatrical performances ordinarily began in Addison's time at five o'clock, so that at their conclusion the evening was still young.

46 32. **Boswell,** James (1740–1795), was a Scotchman who was so impressed with the greatness of Johnson that he left his home and went to London to get a sight of him. In the course of time Johnson's favor and friendship exalted him to the summit of earthly felicity. He spent his days and nights in studying his hero and noting down every word that fell from his lips. As a result his *Life of Johnson* is a masterpiece of biography, and Boswellism a synonym of hero-worship.

46 33. **Hurd,** Richard, D.D. (1720–1808), Bishop of Worcester, edited the works of Bishop Warburton after the death of the latter, with a prefatory life of enthusiastic eulogy.

47 12. He was generally considered insane, and was so pronounced by the coroner's jury after his suicide. The crime of which he was accused (l. 14) was the forgery of a will.

47 18. Budgell left on his desk a slip of paper on which was written: —

> What Cato did and Addison approved
> Cannot be wrong.

47 24. The nickname of 'Namby-Pamby' was bestowed upon Philips in ridicule of some children's verses written by him, one of which began: —

> Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling.

Philips was the author, or rather translator, of the play *The Distressed Mother*, to which Addison takes Sir Roger de Coverley in the *Spectator*, No. 335. The *Spectator* was not ignorant of the art of puffing.

47 28 ff. Macaulay in his admiration for Addison is very unfair to Steele. Sometimes it is by downright misstatement; more often by false coloring not easy to correct within the limits of these notes. The reader is referred to Forster's essay on Steele, published in the *Quarterly Review*, No. CXCII., for a detailed answer to Macaulay, and to Aitken's *Life of Steele* (2 vols., pp. 419, 452) for an exhaustive biography.

47 32. **Had led a vagrant life.** By no means, unless Macaulay means that as a soldier he could of course have no permanent place of residence. Steele himself tells us that he lost the succession to an Irish estate when he went into the army, but military service was far from being a social degradation. The army afforded a career for gentlemen; Steele enlisted as a cadet in the Lifeguards, the privates in which were gentlemen's sons, and soon became an officer. Within six years of the time he left Oxford he was captain in the army, and one of the fashionable London wits. No one would guess from the text that when Addison returned from his travels he found his old schoolfellow in social standing quite his equal, and in literary reputation decidedly his superior.

48 2 ff. Notice Macaulay's fondness for antithesis, and the dangers of such a style.

48 4. **His principles weak.** His principles were high, and his conduct above the standard of the age. "Not that Steele was worse than his time," says Thackeray; "on the contrary, a far better, truer, and higher-hearted man than most who lived in it." (*English Humorists.*)

48 4–6. This is a harsh way of saying that he could not live up to his ideal; most of us cannot. But he tried. "Steele committed no error which he did not honestly regret, as we know by the prayers and

other pieces that have come down to us. . . . The inconsistency which was so often evident between his private life and his published writings arose from a certain weakness of character ; his purpose was consistently good, but he had not always sufficient strength of will to enable him to carry it out." (Aitken's *Life of Steele*, II. 345.)

48 7. **Much of the rake, and a little of the swindler.** He was an affectionate and, so far as known, a faithful husband at a time when fidelity was an unfashionable virtue; and he respected womanhood, and taught others to respect it, in an age which regarded women as playthings and considered seduction an amusement. As for the second charge, it is true that he was constantly behindhand, and often sued for debt ; but swindler is a hard name for a man who, with a large but variable income, lives ahead of it, borrows on too confident expectations, and gets into the clutches of money-lenders.

48 11. **Diced himself into a sponging-house.** This is purely imaginary. "Steele . . . attacked, with all the vigor of which he was capable, the fashionable vice of gambling." (Courthope's *Life of Addison*, p. 99. See *Tatler*, Nos. 25, 26, 29, 39.)

48 12. **Drank himself into a fever.** Steele often drank too much ; what has Macaulay just said about Addison ?

48 13. **Not unmingled with scorn.** "So much the worse for Addison, if that be true ; for very certainly he succeeded in concealing it from his friend, and, we imagine, from every one but Mr. Macaulay." (C. P. Forster, in *Quarterly Review*.)

48 14. **Introduced him to the great.** See note on 47 32.

48 15. **Procured a good place for him.** See note on 51 24.

48 21. It is strange that Mr. Aitken has been unable to discover in the records of the law-courts, which contain abundant proofs of Steele's pecuniary troubles, any evidence of this transaction. But the story is confirmed by too many narratives to warrant our rejecting it. The most trustworthy account is that given by the actor, Benjamin Victor. According to this, Addison intended from the beginning to recover by process of law, hoping to teach Steele a lesson. Certainly the latter did not lack instruction of this kind.

48 34. **Fielding's Amelia.** Henry Fielding (1707–1754), one of the greatest of English novelists. His best works, *Tom Jones* and the *History of Amelia*, give a vivid picture of English life in the eighteenth century.

49 11 ff. Macaulay does not pretend that this picture is more than imaginary ; it is therefore unnecessary to waste much time over it. But it should be noticed that the amount of the loan was, according to

Victor, not £100, but £1000; and it is certain that Addison was in very comfortable circumstances at the time when it was made.

50 26. In Bohn's edition of Addison's works it is stated that the Irish Journals contain only eight entries respecting him during the time that he sat as member, and that "no actual speeches are there recorded, but merely minutes."

50 33. **Westminster.** Both Houses of Parliament hold their sessions in Westminster Palace.

51 23. The Gazetteer was the editor of the *Gazette*, a newspaper published by the state. Charles II. established it in 1665, and suppressed all other newspapers, in order to prevent the publication of anything that might hurt the government. The licensing act, the means of this suppression, expired in 1695, but the government continued the *Gazette*, supplying it with official information on state affairs. It still survives; it appears twice a week, and contains all government proclamations, orders, and regulations, and legal notices of various kinds.

51 24. Steele was appointed Gazetteer, "not by Sunderland at the request of Addison, as Mr. Macaulay says, but by Harley at the request of Maynwaring, as both Swift and Steele inform us." (Forster.)

51 33, 34. **Will's, the Grecian.** Two well-known coffee-houses, patronized, the first by the wits and the second by scholars.

52 3. Steele from the beginning attacked vices, and labored to improve manners and morals. Macaulay is wrong in representing Addison as the leader. "There is scarcely a department of essay-writing developed in the *Spectator* which does not trace its origin to Steele." (Courthope's *Addison.*)

52 10–17. Steele could not vie with Addison in refinement and elevation of thought and elegance of manner; but he is more spontaneous, and knew far better how to touch the emotions. His humor is fresh and hearty, and is very far from being the mere overflow of animal spirits.

52 22. Partridge's almanac pretended to predict coming events, historical as well as meteorological. Bickerstaff declared himself to be the only one gifted with the power to read the future, and offered to stake his reputation on the prophecy that Partridge would die on a certain day. The day went by, and a second pamphlet appeared, also written by Swift but under another pseudonym, relating how the prophecy had come true. Poor Partridge was furious; he protested in print that he was still alive and well, but to no avail. Swift assured him that he was dead, whatever he might say; and Partridge was snowed under by the pamphlets of the wits.

52 34 ff. This quotation is from Steele's preface to the first collected edition of the *Tatler*. But it is altogether unfair to take at its face value Steele's confession of indebtedness to his friend. On that subject his generous enthusiasm always carries him away. Steele wrote 188 papers to Addison's 42; wherever Addison succeeded in a new departure it was by following a path which Steele had first struck out; and if Addison's was the finer literary workmanship, Steele's was the richer humor, the more genuine pathos, and the warmer heart. "If Steele had not furnished Addison with the opportunity for displaying his special power, Addison would in all probability have been known to us only as an accomplished scholar and poet of no great power. The world owes Addison to Steele." (Aitken's *Life of Steele*, I. 248.)

53 19. **Temple,** Sir William (1628–1699), an English diplomatist, statesman, and essayist. He was a kinsman of Swift. See note on 44 28.

53 23. **Horace Walpole** (1717–1797), son of Sir Robert Walpole (see note on 89 34), was a literary dilettante, and a lifelong friend of the poet Gray. His six volumes of correspondence are full of gossipy information.

53 24. **Half German jargon.** Carlyle was at the height of his reputation when Macaulay wrote this Essay.

53 29. **Menander** (342–291(?) B.C.), a Greek dramatic poet, of whose comedies only fragments have been preserved.

53 31. **Cowley** (1618–1667), a leader in the seventeenth century school of 'conceited' poets. The characteristics of this school were fancy and ingenuity. In their effort for originality and 'wit' they used the most remote analogies, and were often harsh, cold, or obscure.

Butler (1612–1680) satirized the Puritans in his *Hudibras*, to the great amusement of Charles II. and his courtiers.

54 3–6. Not many people would consider that the mere invention of fictions, however numerous, or however original or happy, would by itself prove a very good title to 'the rank of a great poet.' The creation of character which Macaulay praises in l. 12 would constitute a better claim; but the half satiric, half sympathetic observation of life which produces a Sir Roger de Coverley is still far removed from the poetic imagination which gives birth to an Ophelia or a Lear; and even this imagination would be dumb and ineffectual if unwedded to poetic diction.

54 11. **Clarendon,** Edward Hyde, Earl of (1608–1674), father-in-law of James II., and virtually Prime Minister under Charles II.; famous also as the author of a history of the war between Charles I. and his Parliament.

54 15. **Cervantes** (1547–1616). Author of what immortal work?

55 17. **Jack Pudding,** a juggler who amuses the crowd by feats of voracity; a buffoon.

55 32, 33. These are all eighteenth century periodicals.

57 6. **Bettesworth,** an Irish barrister whom Swift satirized.

57 7. **Le Franc, Marquis de Pompignan,** a somewhat conceited poet, ventured on his admission to the French Academy to attack the philosophers. Voltaire overwhelmed him with ridicule by anonymous pamphlets, which made him the laughing-stock of Paris and drove him back to his province.

57 17. **Jeremy Collier** (1650–1726), an English clergyman, published in 1698 a work on the *Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage,* which attracted wide attention and helped to bring about a much needed reformation.

57 18. **Sir George Etherege** (1635(?)–1691) and **William Wycherley** (1640(?)–1715) were two of the worst offenders against decency among the Restoration dramatists. Etherege was the first to introduce the pure comedy of manners, and Wycherley's work, in spite of its coarseness and brutality, shows marked dramatic power.

57 25. **John Hale** (1584–1656) and **John Tillotson** (1630–1694), two distinguished Anglican divines, the latter Archbishop of Canterbury.

57 26. **Congreve.** See note on 2 16.

57 27. **Vanbrugh** (1666(?)–1726), another of the popular dramatists who fell under Collier's just censure.

57 6–10. **Tom Folio,** *Tatler,* No. 158.

Ned Softly, *Tatler,* No. 163.

The Political Upholsterer, *Tatler,* No. 155.

Court of Honor, *Tatler,* Nos. 250, 253, 256, 259, 262, 265. But in all of the papers on this subject Steele is supposed to have had a hand.

Thermometer of Zeal, *Tatler,* No. 220.

Frozen Words, *Tatler,* No. 254.

Memoirs of the Shilling, *Tatler,* No. 249.

58 24–26. The absurdity of this statement will be seen by referring again to the notes on 52 3, 10–17, 34 ff.

59 5. **Outbreaks** due, the first to popular sympathy with Queen Caroline, who was so shamefully treated by her husband, George IV., that she left him and in 1820 was brought to trial on a charge of adultery; the second to the agitation in favor of the Reform Bill, finally carried by Lord John Russell in 1832.

59 15. **Marli.** The village of Marly-le-Roi is situated four miles from the palace of Versailles, and was at times the residence of Louis XIV.

59 16. **St. James's** was the royal residence in London during the eighteenth century.

59 19. **Sunderland.** See note to 40 27.

59 25. **Break his white staff.** This is the emblem of office of the Lord Treasurer.

60 6–15. But it must not be forgotten that this same ministry had protracted a burdensome and bloody war for their partisan advantage, having rejected proposals for peace which conceded to them everything for which they had begun hostilities, and that instead of defending England they were now trying unjustly to conquer France.

60 12. England and Scotland, though ruled by the same king from the accession of James I., were independent countries with separate governments until 1707, when the union was peacefully carried through.

60 17–20. Macaulay was a good Whig, and liked to remind the Tories of their failures. Both the War of American Independence and the Napoleonic wars took place under Tory rule. It was during the latter that an English army was sent, in 1809, to seize Antwerp. The expedition was disgracefully mismanaged, and the troops, left on the low isle of Walcheren, were wasted by disease until they were good for nothing. The failure of the enterprise caused the resignation from the ministry of Canning and Castlereagh, who fought a duel over the question of responsibility.

61 6. **That he must think of turning tutor again.** This seems incredible. In this same year he bought his Bilton estate, which cost him £10,000. He must have saved a good deal of money from the emoluments of office, and the *Spectator* was paying well. His brother had died in the Indies two years before, and left him a large estate; but it was badly managed, and yielded him but little. This is probably the fortune which Addison said he had lost.

61 12. **Whig corporations.** The government of many of the towns was then in the hands of corporations, which were not elected by the citizens, but were self-perpetuating. These corporations selected the members of Parliament for their towns.

62 11. There is no reason for thinking that Steele owed his retention in the Commissionership to Addison, as Macaulay implies. Swift believed that it was his influence with Harley that saved Steele, though the latter denied that this was true.

62 26. This is another illustration of Macaulay's persistent belittling of Steele.

62 33, 34. See note on 51 33, 34.

63 15–24. Mr. Courthope in his *Life of Addison* argues that, as the *Spectator* paper was the joint enterprise of Addison and Steele, and as the Spectator Club is the framework of the whole design, its general outline must have been planned by both of them together. After quoting Macaulay's words in the text, he says: "This is a very misleading account of the matter. It implies that the characters in the *Spectator* were mere casual conceptions of Steele's; that Addison knew nothing about them till he saw Steele's rough draft; and that he, and he alone, is the creator of the finished character of Sir Roger de Coverley. But, as a matter of fact, the character of Sir Roger is full of contradictions and inconsistencies; and the want of unity which it presents is easily explained by the fact that it is the work of four different hands. . . . It had evidently been predetermined by the designers of the *Spectator* that the Club should consist of certain recognized and familiar types; the different writers, in turns, worked on these types, each for his own purpose and according to the bent of his own genius." But Addison was nevertheless, as Macaulay says, the creator of Sir Roger as we know him. As Mr. Courthope says, "Steele gave the first sketch of Sir Roger in a few rough but vigorous strokes, which were afterwards greatly refined and altered by Addison."

63 32, 33. **Richardson, Fielding, Smollett.** The English novel dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, when the works of these three great writers appeared. Richardson (1689–1761), "the father of the English novel," was first in the field, with his *Pamela*, in 1640. This led Fielding (see note on 48 34) to write his *Joseph Andrews*, begun as a satire on *Pamela*, but completed with slight reference to that design. In 1748 came *Tom Jones*, the greatest book of the whole period. Smollett (1721–1771) began to write in 1749, when *Roderick Random* appeared. Other famous novels of his are *Peregrine Pickle* and *Humphrey Clinker*.

64 9. **The Mohawks.** These were bands of dissolute young men who infested the streets of London at night, diverting themselves with such pleasant amusements as beating or mutilating citizens and rolling women down hill in barrels.

64 10. **The Distressed Mother.** See note on 47 24.

64 31, 32. This is an extreme statement, as Mr. Forster shows in detail; and yet, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "there can be no doubt that Addison's essays were those which achieved the widest popularity, which are still remembered when the old *Spectator* is mentioned, and which were the admiration of all the critics of the eighteenth century." ('Addison' in *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

65 23–27. Nos. 26, 329, 69, 317, 159, 343, 517.

66 13. **The stamp tax.** This was imposed by the Tories in 1712, and was intended to lessen the number of publications and so to cut off some of the attacks on the government. It required a half-penny stamp on each printed half-sheet. Only the strongest papers could live under so heavy a tax.

67 9. **The Guardian.** See note on 19 17.

67 15. **Nestor Ironside and the Miss Lizards.** These characters fill in the *Guardian* the position held in the *Spectator* by the members of the Spectator Club.

68 9. No attempt was then made at accurate historical costuming.

68 15. **Booth,** Barton (1681–1733), made his reputation in the part of Cato as the leading actor of his time.

68 18. **The Inns of Court.** Four buildings (Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, The Inner Temple, and The Middle Temple) owned and occupied by the London barristers.

68 20. The territory within the limits of the original city of London is the business center of the metropolis. The "auxiliaries from the City" were therefore made up of representatives of the commercial class, who were not supposed to know much about literature.

68 22. **Jonathan's and Garraway's,** two coffee-houses frequented by brokers and merchants.

68 33. **Kit-Cat.** See note on 18 17.

68 34. The October Club was made up of Tories, and represented the extreme wing of the party.

69 30. **Bolingbroke.** See note on 40 30.

70 24. **Athalie.** See note on 18 26.

Saul. The most successful play of Vittorio Alfieri(1749–1803), a great Italian dramatist who followed the classic model. "He occupies his scene with one great action and one ruling passion, and removes from it every accessory event or feeling." (*Enc. Brit.*)

Of **Cinna,** which was written by Corneille, the same work says that it is "perhaps generally considered the poet's masterpiece, and it undoubtedly contains the finest single scene in all French tragedy, a scene which may take rank with any other perhaps ever written." *Cato* can claim no such praise as this. But Macaulay seems to underestimate the whole school.

71 32. It may be, as Macaulay says, that Pope was more galled by the censure than gratified by the praise, but it is not likely; and, further, there is not the slightest particle of evidence for it. On the contrary, Pope's expressions certainly show gratitude for the favorable

notice, which was, he says, so lavish of praise as to make him hope it indicates a particular partiality to himself. This letter was sent, not to Addison, whom Pope did not know at the time, but to Steele, whom he regarded as the author of the criticism; and it led to his introduction to Addison.

72 4. **Whom he had injured without provocation.** This is another assumption. Dennis had very likely criticised Pope's Pastorals, and so drawn upon himself Pope's ridicule in the *Essay on Criticism*, vv. 585–587:—

> But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
> Like some old tyrant done in tapestry.

Dennis's reply to these three comparatively innocent lines was an abusive pamphlet of thirty-two pages, in which he called Pope a 'hunchbacked toad,' 'a little affected hypocrite,' 'the very bow of the god of love,' etc.

73 20–23. Here again Macaulay is altogether too hard on Steele. His friends, it is true, were inclined to regret his abandonment of the *Guardian* in order to devote himself to political writing; but there was no lack of respect in their comments on his conduct. He was, of course, virulently attacked and calumniated by the Tory writers.

76 26, 27. As Swift grew older his pessimism and fierce hatred of society increased, and his last years were darkened by terrible suffering and mental disease. In 1708 Swift was in the full strength and vigor of middle life, influential and active among men; in 1738 he was over seventy, and descending through a lonely and wretched old age to his most pitiable end.

76 34. Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, which was written as a satire on abuses in the Church, was regarded as an attack on the Christian religion itself. It is supposed to have roused the hostility of Queen Anne, and so to have made Swift's elevation to a bishopric impossible.

77 4. **Sacrificed honor and consistency to revenge.** See note on 43 17. Undoubtedly personal motives had their influence on Swift, but there is no occasion for saying that his change of party was entirely due to them.

77 32. **More odious than any other man,** because he was suspected of having been concerned in the plot to bring back the Stuarts to the throne, which some of the Tory leaders had formed. Within a few years, however, Swift was very popular in Ireland.

78 31. But Steele asserts positively, in the letter to Congreve prefixed to the second edition of the play, that Addison was its author.

79 4. In 1715 a rising took place in Scotland in favor of the Stuart Pretender, — the rebellion described in Scott's novel of *Rob Roy*.

79 12. **Squire Western,** in Fielding's novel, *Tom Jones*.

80 1. **He accordingly determined,** etc. The absurdity of representing that Steele started the *Town Talk* because he was dissatisfied with the moderation of the *Freeholder* is evident when we remember that the first number of the *Freeholder* appeared on December 23, and of the *Town Talk* on December 17. Nor is it remarkable that the latter has not been handed down to fame, since only nine numbers of it appeared.

80 11. **Pope was false and malevolent.** In the case of Pope, as of Steele, we must guard against Macaulay's characterization of him. To give to Pope's sensitive and morbid nature and strangely mixed character the right interpretation called for a skill in reading motives which Macaulay, with all his powers, did not possess. He had the historic, but not the dramatic, imagination; he did not hold the key to the human heart. It is easy to paint Pope black; and Macaulay admits into his picture no other color. Yet the injustice is hard to correct, because his mistake lies, not in a misstatement, but in a misinterpretation, of facts. Pope's treatment of his friends cannot always be called honorable according to our standards; he was unfortunately fond of equivocation, and not afraid of downright falsehood; and those who injured him he hated with a rancorous and uncontrolled vindictiveness; and still he should not be called unqualifiedly false and malevolent. See Thackeray's essay on Pope in *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*.

80 19. **The Rosicrucian mythology.** See Pope's letter to Miss Arabella Fermor prefixed to the *Rape of the Lock*.

80 20. **He asked Addison's advice.** It is not at all unlikely that this anecdote is fictitious, and invented by Pope to strengthen his case against Addison.

81 25. See note on 21 25.

81 26–29. This also is doubtful. It is one of Spence's anecdotes (see note on 19 8), and was related to him by Pope, whose veracity cannot be relied upon.

81 33 ff. This whole story Macaulay takes from Pope's account to Spence. With regard to it Mr. Courthope says: "It is scarcely necessary to say that, after the light that has been thrown on Pope's character by the detection of the frauds he practised in the publication of his correspondence, it is impossible to give any credence to the tales he poured into Spence's ear, tending to blacken Addison's character and to exalt his own."

82 32. There is no question, however, of the great merits of Pope's *Iliad* as an independent poem, great as are its defects as a translation.

83 14. There does seem to have been in circulation a vague rumor that Tickell was not the real author of his Translation. See Elwin and Courthope's edition of Pope's *Works*, Vol. V. p. 158.

84 32, 33. **Satirist, Age.** Two unprincipled papers which, at the time when Macaulay was writing his essay, had become notorious by the publication of sensational and scandalous news. The editor of the *Age* was soon after sent to prison for criminal libel.

85 12. See note on 44 22.

85 27. Pope had had privately printed for Bolingbroke a book written by the latter, and had ordered the printer to strike off and keep a large number of additional copies, after having, according to Bolingbroke, introduced various alterations.

86 6. This whole story is probably apocryphal. See Courthope's *Life of Addison*, pp. 135–138.

86 25. Pope wished it to be believed that he sent the lines to Addison, but it is not at all likely that he did, or that Addison ever saw them. They first appeared in print in 1722, and Pope was accused of having written them after Addison's death. Pope, of course, wished to show that Addison was in fault for the quarrel, and that his own conduct had been entirely honorable. The lines were afterwards included in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, and are as follows: —

> Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
> True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
> Blest with each talent and each art to please,
> And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
> Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
> View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
> And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
> Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
> A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
> Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
> And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
> Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
> And sit attentive to his own applause;
> While wits and templars every sentence raise,

And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

86 34. But his praise of Pope is always with some reserve, and does not equal that bestowed on such minor writers of his coterie as Philips and Tickell.

87 10. Addison's field was social, not personal satire. He is always good-humored and without passion; and he was no more Pope's match than a non-combatant with a taste for archery is a match for a trained duelist.

87 15. **Joseph Surface** is a hypocritical professor of youthful virtue and sober-headedness in Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal.* Sir Peter Teazle is another character in the same play.

88 10. **Countess Dowager,** *i.e.* the widowed mother of the heir to the title.

88 13. **Holland House.** With this historic mansion Macaulay himself had close associations, for he was a frequent visitor there during the life of the third Lord Holland, when Lady Holland's drawing-rooms used to number among their distinguished guests many men of letters. Holland House was built in 1607 by Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, from whom it took its name, and whose descendant, Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland, had been the first husband of the Countess Dowager, Addison's wife. This family becoming extinct, the house passed into other hands, and though its later owners again bore the title of Holland, it was by a new patent. Macaulay in his Essay on Lord Holland speaks with feeling of "those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble — with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison . . . that dwelling . . . the favorite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen."

88 14. **Nell Gwynn,** an actress who became mistress of Charles II.

89 5. **Lycidas.** What were the circumstances which led Milton to write his great poem of this name?

89 11. See note on 61 6.

89 15. **William Somervile** (1677–1742), a country gentleman and minor poet, whose most important work, *The Chase*, celebrates the joys of hunting with dogs, in about 2000 lines of Miltonic blank verse.

89 29–34. The old Whig leaders, Godolphin, Halifax, Somers, and Wharton, were now dead, and besides, it was the policy of George I. to place in power the younger men. Lord Townshend (1674–1738) had

not in the previous reign been in the cabinet, but had won distinction by his negotiation of the so-called 'barrier treaty' with Holland, while on an embassy to that country. The Tories attacked him bitterly for this, but when George I. came in he gave Townshend the leading place in his Whig ministry. Sunderland, jealous of his power, succeeded in undermining his influence with the King, whom Townshend offended by his reluctance to support the continental interests of the House of Hanover at England's expense; and the minister was consequently dismissed.

Sir Robert Walpole (1676–1745) was Townshend's brother-in-law, and though he had been in the cabinet in Godolphin's ministry, and was really the ablest of all the Whigs, he held decidedly a second place. On Townshend's dismissal Walpole resigned, and though both of them were afterwards admitted to office again under Sunderland, it was not until the ruin of that minister by the bursting of the South Sea Bubble in 1721 that they took a leading part in the government. From that time on Walpole for more than twenty years held power as Prime Minister.

90 12. **Vincent Bourne.** See note on 21 32.

90 17. **Craggs,** James (1686–1721), won his way in politics by his capacity for business and his skill in debate. He was, like Sunderland, implicated in the affairs of the South Sea Company. See also the mention of him on 94 27 ff.

90 23. In Macaulay's day this allusion was instantly understood. Joseph Hume (1777–1855) was a prominent Liberal, who during a lifetime of parliamentary service devoted himself especially to cutting off extravagant or unnecessary expenditures.

91 10. Mr. Courthope doubts the report of Addison's domestic infelicity. See *Life of Addison*, p. 147.

91 14. **House of Rich.** See note on 88 13.

92 26–31. In the year 1711 the Tory ministry, although supported by a large majority in the House of Commons, found themselves unable to carry out their policy because of the opposition of the House of Lords, where the Whigs were in control. To break the deadlock between the two Houses the Queen was persuaded by Harley to create twelve new peers, all Tories, thus swamping the majority unfavorable to the ministry.

94 6. **The Duenna,** a very popular comedy written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), and first acted in 1775.

94 12–15. It is interesting to note that when Macaulay first wrote the essay he did not know that Norris was the actor alluded to as

'little Dicky,' but nevertheless had the sagacity to interpret aright the passage on which his predecessor had stumbled. The sentence in the text first appeared as follows:—

"Little Dicky was evidently the nickname of some comic actor who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part, in Dryden's *Spanish Friar*."

To this sentence Macaulay appended the following note:—

"We will transcribe the whole paragraph. How it can have been misunderstood is unintelligible to us.

"But our author's chief concern is for the poor House of Commons, whom he represents as naked and defenseless, when the crown by losing this prerogative, would be less able to protect them against the power of a House of Lords. Who forbears laughing when the *Spanish Friar* represents little Dicky, under the person of Gomez, insulting the colonel that was able to fright him out of his wits with a single frown? This Gomez, says he, flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado and buffet on buffet, which the poor colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience. The improbability of the fact never fails to raise mirth in the audience; and one may venture to answer for a British House of Commons, if we may guess from its conduct hitherto, that it will scarce be either so tame or so weak as our author supposes."

94 18. This is far from true. The pamphlets (there were in all four *Plebeians* and two *Old Whigs*) are for the most part purely argumentative; but Addison was the first to allude to the personality of his antagonist, and introduced an unnecessary fling at an unlucky business venture in which Steele had engaged. Steele's reply is neither undignified nor unkind.

95 1–13. This anecdote also is derived from Spence's conversations with Pope, and is therefore suspicious.

Gay, John (1685–1732), a plump, good-natured little bard, who made two clever hits in light opera, and enjoyed the warm friendship of Pope.

96 28. **The Jerusalem Chamber** is on the southwest side of Westminster Abbey, and is the meeting place of the Upper House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury. It takes its name from the tapestries, worked with scenes from the history of Jerusalem, which formerly hung on its walls.

97 10–13. This praise is hardly merited. The piece has real feeling, but no remarkable power; and we have only to name such poems as *Lycidas*, *Adonais*, and *In Memoriam* to appreciate the distance by which it is removed from the work of the great poets.

98 7. *Spectator*, No. 72, and Nos. 584, 585.